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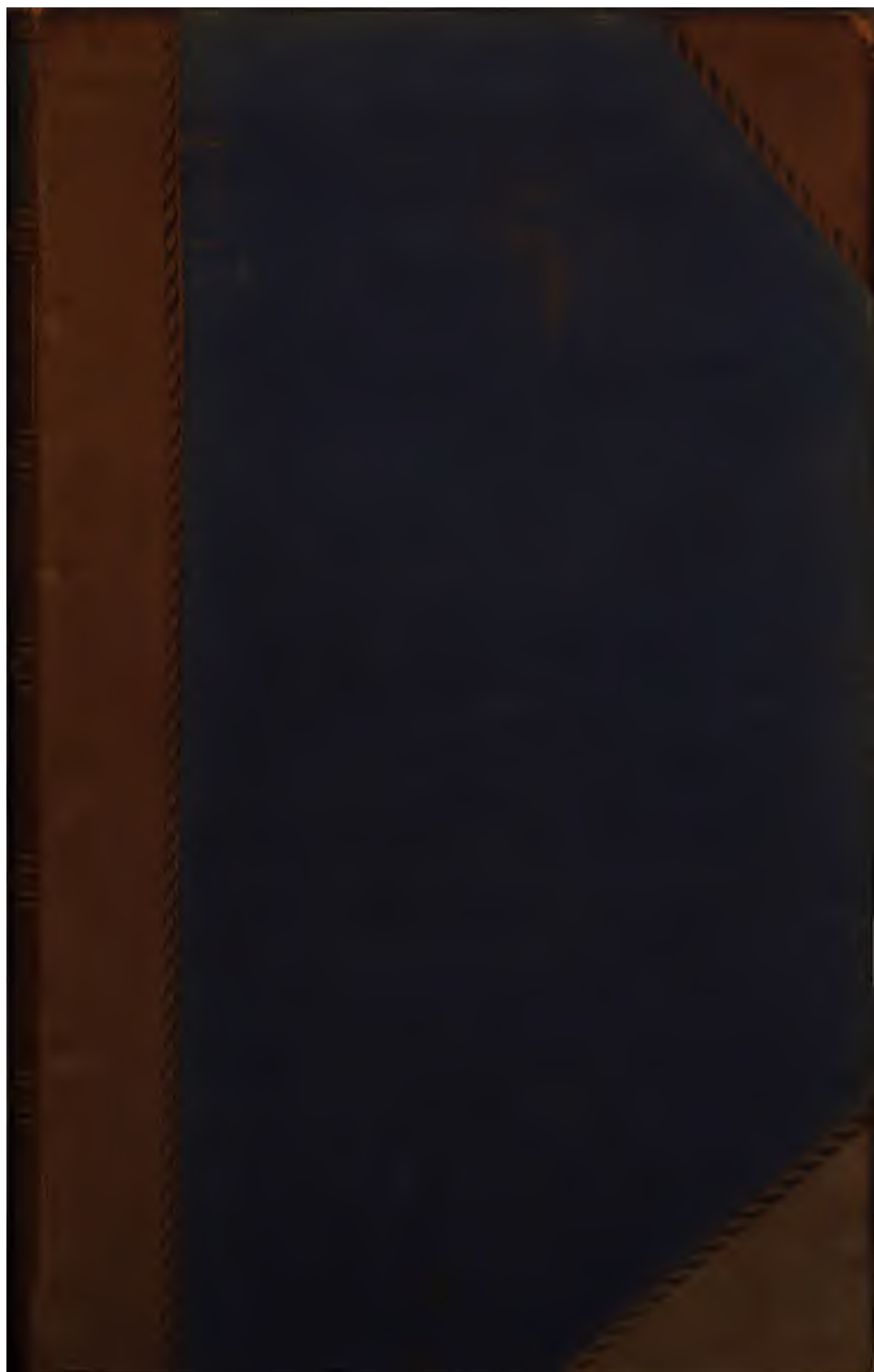
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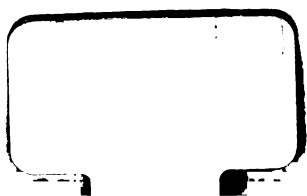
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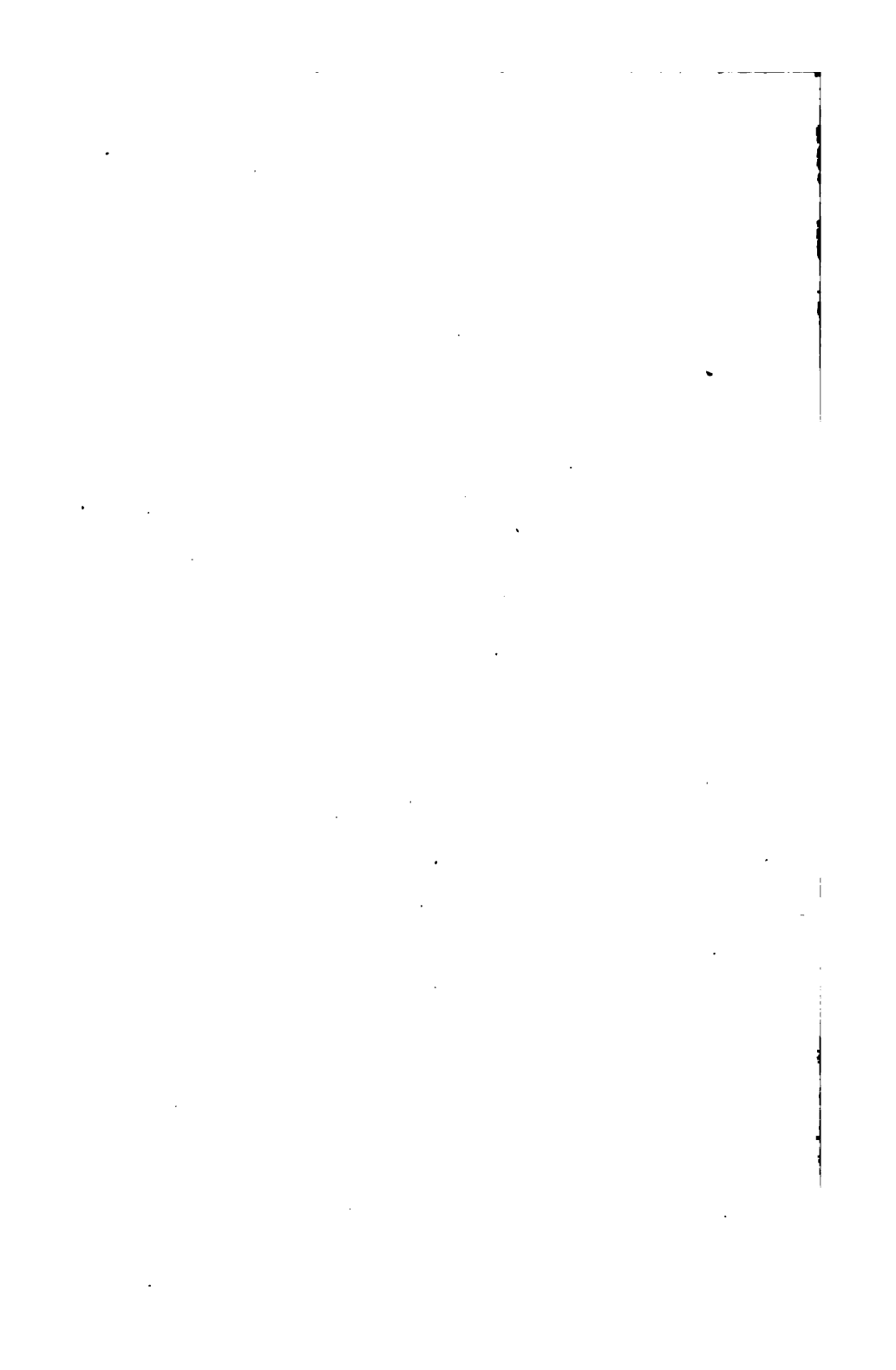




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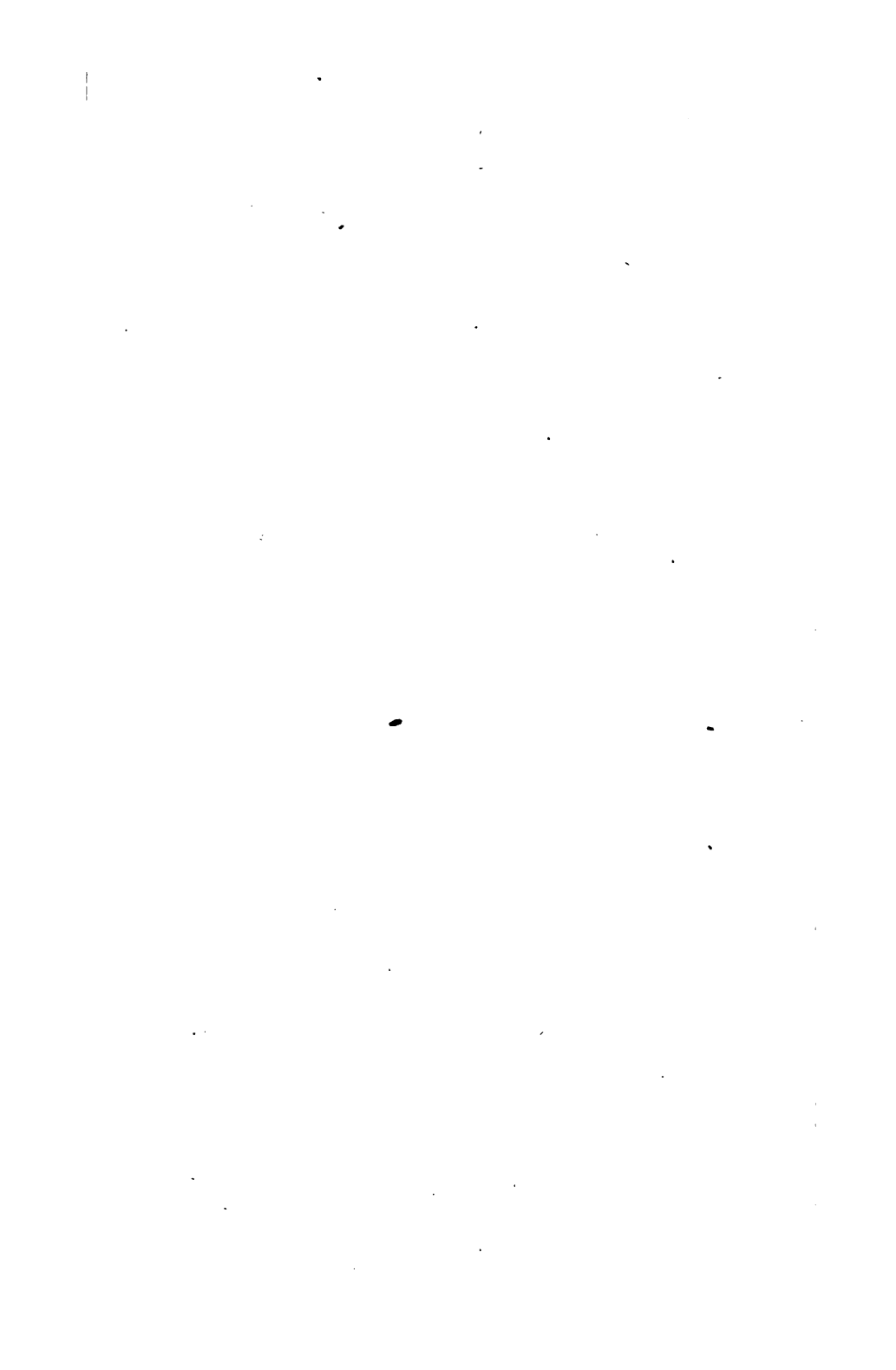
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.





WAKING DREAMS

BY C. M. J.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, DESIGNED AND ETCHED ON STONE

BY THE AUTHOR.

Illustrations in stone

"——— Imagination bodies thought,
Turns it to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

LONDON

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WAKING DREAMS.

THE FOUR GREYS,

OR,

TRAVELLING ADVENTURES IN IRELAND.

“Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.”

“I ALWAYS sed it—always!”—exclaimed Darby Flanagan, as with folded arms he contemplated the wreck of a superb travelling carriage, which lay shivered to pieces at the bottom of a tremendous hill in one of the midland counties of Ireland. “What did you always say? you mad rascal,” enquired Sir Henry Stavely, the owner of the luckless equipage in question, as, with a mixture of sorrow and anger, he also contemplated the ruins, and the consequent delay of his journey, which was for the important purpose of meeting his bride elect, and completing a long projected marriage.

"Yeer honor," replied Darby, taking off his caubeen with one hand, and scratching his head with the other; "it's what I always sed, narra chay built in England, would ever stand the four greys—an' yez see it did'nt, yeer honor," he added, with a humourous expression in the corner of his eye, which made his sympathy for the unfortunate mischance, extremely doubtful.

"Sir," said Sir Henry's English valet, respectfully advancing to his master's side, "I never see such vicious 'orses in all my days—an that 'ere wild postboy with the ragged breeches whoy Sir one ud think that he wanted to kill us English outright—as I'earsay they often do in this 'ere country, only he put his own loife in jeopardy, as well as our'n, galloping loike mad over these 'orrid roads, and down this 'ere hill—sure it was God's mercy us was'nt all dashed to pieces, as well as the carriage."

"What is to be done now?—how are we to proceed on our journey?" said Sir Henry, in a despairing and helpless tone to the post-boy; on whose mercy, (as well as at the bottom of the hill,) they were completely thrown; and whose

motives for driving in such a frantic manner, seemed, at the best, very suspicious.

"I dunna, yeer honor," replied Darby, "barrin' we'd git the loan iv a chay here below at Jerry Sullivan's—he keeps illigant post chays, an' mighty fine cattle intirely—it's not over four or five miles by the road, and there's a short cut across the counthry'll take us there in no time—I can turn the horses over the walls quite asy—thim's illigant leper's,—och bud yez are, my jewels in the world;" he added, fondly caressing the light, active, wiry-looking grey horses, which seemingly unconscious of having done so much mischief by running away with, and overturning the carriage at the bottom of the hill, were quietly grazing by the road side, quite careless of the dilemma caused by their outrageous conduct."

"To walk four miles across this wild country?" exclaimed Sir Henry, with dismay; "and what is to become of my luggage—and the carriage—but indeed *that* is scarcely worth moving," he added, looking despondingly on all that now remained of the exquisite *turn-out*, in which he had hoped to transport his lovely bride from a

wild castle in the county of Clare, to the more civilised delights of the English metropolis.

“Why thin, yeer honor, here’s some iv the luggage that’s hardly worth the picking up,” said Darby, carelessly turning over the “debris” of a splendid dressing case, which was literally ground to powder under the wheels of its fellow-sufferer, the luckless carriage. Sir Henry was a mild tempered man, or this last stroke would have tempted him to bestow more than one, in return, on the provoking blackguard with the ragged breeches, who seemed, notwithstanding the apparent cordiality of his manner, to have so little sympathy for the travellers in their misfortunes.

“The portmantle,” continued Darby, “an any of these curish lookin things as is any way light to carry, we can sind acress by some iv the gossoons, in here by, at the cabin—an the trunks, an all *that lift* in the chay, we can lave here wid the man iv the house, till yeer honor’ll be afther sindin for thim ; an I’ll ingage they’ll be jist as safe as if they belonged to the Counsheller* his-self.”

* O’Connell.

"I can see a number of ragged children, but I cannot see a house of any description," said Sir Henry, looking anxiously around, up the hill, down the hill, and on every side.

"Oh yes, yeer honor," cried Darby, "here it is, quite snug, down in the ditch beyant, an here's the gossoons that'll carry yer honor's things across to Jerry Sullivan's in no time."

"I cannot see anything but a peat stack covered with weeds, can you, Horner?" said Sir Henry, with a sigh, turning towards his still more disconsolate valet, who was mourning over the destroyed dressing-case.

However, wonder and lamentation being quite useless, and the day rapidly drawing to a close, without prospect of shelter for the night, or the means of pursuing their journey; Sir Henry, the impatient bridegroom, and Horner, the distressed follower, stirred themselves with the assistance of the post-boys, and the white-headed gossoons, to collect a few portable articles of luggage from out the ruins; and leaving the rest under shelter of a rock by the road side, to be taken care of as well as circumstances would admit; which the "woman of the house."

(the man being absent) assured them should be kept as "the apple of her eye;" they set forth to cross the country to Jerry Sullivan's, under the guidance of Darby Flanagan, and the four "gallant greys," now, to all appearance, very peaceably disposed personages.

Sir Henry meditated on the impossibility of arriving at Shanlinabrackin castle at the appointed time, and on the consequent alarm and distress of his beautiful and beloved Florence, on his not appearing, (as in duty bound) *before* the hour. Horner meditated on robbers, murderers, whiteboys—heard the report of a pistol in the grunt of every pig; and transformed in imagination, the plover's call, into the signal whistle of some gang of desperadoes, ready to start from behind every rock or wall intersecting the wild tract of country which was stretched before them; unsheltered by a single tree, or even bush.

Darby and his coadjutor, a curly headed urchin of about twelve years old, rode, or turned the horses over sundry dry stone fences, y'clept walls in that part of the country; the light-footed, mettlesome little animals, taking bounds of

a description that appeared perfectly marvellous in the eyes of the two Englishmen, who had no idea of the activity and training of Irish horses, (shewing more bone than flesh) in crossing the country; horses to whom, (and to their Irish riders also,) bridles and saddles are useless incumbrances, and who could follow the hounds with far more ease and satisfaction to themselves and riders totally divested of all such troublesome paraphernalia. But of the spirit and power of these individual horses, neither master nor man required any more convincing proof, than the one which had been already exhibited at their expense in the morning's exploit of the "four greys;" therefore they listened in rather a sullen mood to Darby's hoops and hurras of triumph, at every feat of activity performed by his hardy steeds; although, from the nature of the ground, and the quantity of scattered stones, it always appeared to be at the peril of his own neck, as well as of the horses' knees.

The four miles across the country, seemed to extend to that which appeared in the eyes of the weary Englishmen to amount to eight: at length, just as the sun was setting behind the distant

hills, a few cabins resembling the one which Sir Henry had mistaken for a peat stack covered with weeds, appeared in sight—presently a cluster of a few more somewhat more considerable, rejoicing in holes stuffed with straw or old hats denominated windows, and excrescences on the roofs y'clept chimneys; and finally, appeared Jerry Sullivan's Hotel, with a "Post Chay," standing under the shelter of an adjoining shed: over the house door was inscribed, in capital letters,

"ENTERTAINMINT FUR MAN AND
HORS."

And beneath, in a smaller type,

"Lycinsid fur Post hors's."

Sir Henry groaned in spirit—nevertheless he was too much interested in the prospect which awaited him at the end of his journey, to give himself up to despair; accordingly he ordered a relay of fresh horses, and *the* post chaise (such as it was) to be made ready with all possible expedition.

"Yes, shure, yeer lordship's honor," cried the ready host; "won't your lordship be plazed to stip into the room—wheel out the post chay

directly, Barny, step in my lord—get out iv the way, ye grate lazy baste, (this last was addressed to a large sow that lay across the doorway,) this way, yeer honor. Betty a lanna, dhrive the childer an thim hens out iv the room, an dust down a chair for his lordship—wipe up thim slops, hussy—this way, my lord.”

Betty, the wife of the landlord, was a pretty dark-eyed slattern, with a child on one arm, and another hanging on the skirt of her gown; with her disengaged hand she took up her apron, and wiped, as desired, the chair and table—and no chair or table ever stood more in need of such ceremony; then curtseying to “his lordship’s honor,” with a mingled expression between shyness and vanity, a sort of consciousness of beauty, and a consciousness of dirt on her mind, and a doubt as to which might make the strongest impression on the “Gintleman,” the handsome slattern having first driven out the screaming cocks and hens, made good her retreat, dragging away the children, and leaving Sir Henry in undisturbed possession of an apartment such as he had never before entered, and such as he

made a solemn vow never (voluntarily) to enter again.

The evening had set in for rain—nevertheless our traveller, preferring a wetting to continuing to breathe the air of the “best inn’s best room,” redolent of tobacco smoke and whisky punch, sallied forth to superintend, in person, the preparations for his onward journey. He found Darby and the gossoons extremely busy, dusting and brushing up the crazy, worm-eaten vehicle in which (*faute de mieux*) it was his destiny to proceed; and to his great surprise, instead of the “illigant cattle” which he had been promised, he saw that they were preparing to attach to it the identical “four greys,” from whose previous misconduct he had already suffered so much. On his vehement remonstrance against such a proceeding, he was informed by Darby,

“Och shure, yeer honor, the cattle is all turned out on the bog afther the day’s work, an it might’nt be plaizin to yeer honor, as ye’re in a hurry, to wait till sich time as thim’s cotched—bekase we would’nt know where to look fur thim till the daylight, and thin they’ll be afther comin in their ownselves, the craturs, to go to the

plough—an as to the “greys,” why they’ll be quite (quiet) enuff—shure the *edge* was taken off them,” he added with a grin, “when they knocked yeer honor’s English chay all to smi-thereens.”

Anger or remonstrance appeared useless—the alternative of passing the night in such a place, even if his adored Florence had not been expecting his arrival, was not to be thought of—Sir Henry determined to proceed at all hazards; and although it appeared to Horner little less than an act of suicide, considering the description of the carriage, horses, and driver, to commit his life (along with that of the said Horner) to the keeping of Jerry Sullivan’s post chay, and the “four greys,” under the guidance of Darby Flanagan.

The sun had set, and the moon had risen, obscured however by a drizzling rain, which threw a pleasing (or unpleasing, as the case might be) uncertainty over the objects in the turf bog and its environs, through which lay their destined road—of the real dangers in the shape of black chasms, denominated bog drains, and bog-holes surrounding them on every side, the forlorn

travellers could, fortunately for their nerves, see but little ; since the actual dimness of the prospect was rendered still more so to them, from the very small portion of glass contained in the "chay" windows, and the said glass not being much whiter or clearer than that of which a wine bottle is usually composed. Of imaginary perils, Horner at least had his full share ; Sir Henry, of course, was too much occupied by the anticipated rapturous meeting with his beloved, to give a thought to such a sublunary matter, as that of being robbed and murdered.

And yet the fair one need not have been offended, or considered her lover as indifferent, unkind, or selfish, if at that moment he thought little of her, and much of his own bones, of which the joints were in the most imminent danger of being dislocated by every jolt—numerous from the state of the road, and nearly unbearable from the state of the springs, and also from another cause hereafter to be mentioned.

The shocks were tremendous—the carriage swayed from side to side, receiving the most extraordinary jerks as the horses proceeded with a zig-zag movement, resembling the lines which

painters draw when they mean to delineate a flash of lightning—and with nearly as much rapidity as a real, (not a painter's) flash.

They began to descend a *very* rugged hill—in such a style—Horner leaned back—the visions of robbers and whiteboys disappeared from his eyes to giye place to the more probable expectation of another overturn, still more desperate in its consequences, than the last. This time, however, his apprehensions were not exactly realized; the hill, although steep and rugged, was short—the “four greys” cleared it in two bounds, and having lodged the carriage against a bank, turned sharp from it, and commenced kicking with the same degree of activity and celerity, as had marked all their former proceedings.

“Whey, now, be asy, Killall, have done, Vixen, won't yez be quite, Terryalt an Peeler—och! yez two could niver agree—have done wid yez all,” remonstrated Darby, quietly dismounting, and in defiance of threatening heels, beginning to unyoke.

“What is the matter now?” exclaimed the unfortunate bridegroom. “I believe all the devils in hell are leagued together in the bodies

of these horses, to prevent my proceeding to-night."

"Och, dont be frickened, yeer honor," said Darby, "shure we'll git on directly."

"But what is the matter?" reiterated Sir Henry.

"Within nothin, Sir, nothin at all—barrin that damned hostler at Jerry Sullivan's, that's always forgetting the poul."

"The pole!—good Heavens!—and have we come this far, without a pole?"

"Och, yeer honor, we'll have it in no time—little Thady here's jist goin to rin fur it, an he'll be back afore the bastes have got their breath—rin, Thady, jewel, rin for the bare life—make no delay at all—an jist bring me a new pipe, an light it, honey—this little crabbed rascal Terry's knocked the dudeen out iv my mouth—so yez did, agra, wid yeer tricks, an sorra bit iv me can find it 'mong the stones in the dark."

Sir Henry leaned back in the carriage, now completely in despair; and there we must leave him, "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," whilst we convey the reader to Shanlin-abrackin castle, to see how the fair Florence en-

dured the protracted absence of her affianced husband.

Shanlinabrackin castle was a magnificent edifice, built in the olden time, in one of the most commanding and picturesque sites in the county of Clare; the rock on which it was founded, nearly overhanging the "Steep Atlantic." This proud inheritance had fallen into the possession of the beautiful Florence O'Brien, on the death of her father, which had taken place a few years before—nature had made her a beauty—fortune had made her an heiress, and her guardian, Sir Phelim O'Driscoll, had but a troublesome time, examining into the various claims of her numerous admirers, and determining as to who was the fittest to be put in possession of his ward's fair hand, and fair heritage.

Sir Phelim was a very decided person—he never asked Florence her opinion on the subject, nor did she intrude it unasked; but in one respect she was as decided as her guardian, and that was in declaring that she would not be married until the day when she should be of age. That day was now arrived. The previous winter she had passed in London; where Sir Henry

Stavely, a young baronet of immense property, was amongst the many competitors for her favour. He wrote a statement of his affairs to Sir Phelim, and sent in his rent-roll: the prudent guardian enquired and looked into everything, and then fixed on Sir Henry as the properest person to be put in possession of the lady's large fortune, because it was evident to the meanest capacity that he had quite enough of his own.

Florence thought—whatever she pleased; but as we said before, her opinion was not asked, and she being then a minor, it was considered of no consequence.

The important day when she completed her twenty-first year had dawned; and that same day was destined to transfer Florence from the authority of a guardian to that of a husband. On that day Sir Henry was to arrive, and the wedding was to be celebrated.

Immense preparations were made: the castle was crowded with company; a bishop was to perform the ceremony in the state drawing-room—it was for plebeian folks to go to church to be married; the union of so much wealth was to be celebrated in a manner out of the common

way. The whole was to conclude with a grand ball inside the castle; while outside, bonfires were prepared, oxen were roasting whole, and the male population ready to get very drunk.

Towards evening, a handsome travelling carriage drove through the park, and was received with the most tremendous shouts of applause by the tenantry; a very handsome, dark-complexioned, soldier-like young man, cap in hand, and with a smiling countenance, returned their joyous salutations. He alighted at the castle gate, and hastily extricating himself from the congratulating crowd, flew up stairs to the principal reception room, where the blushing and trembling bride stood, supported by two blooming bridesmaids.

"Dear Henry!" she murmured, as he passionately kissed her hand; "what terrors I have endured!—but I see *you* here at last, and my heart is at ease."

"*I am* here at last, and all is well, my own, own Florence," he returned; "and we will never part more. You cannot guess how I have earned you, love," he added, with an expressive smile, and in a very low whisper.

Florence presented her "beloved Henry" to the bowing Sir Phelim O'Driscoll—the ceremony was performed—the vow, "I Henry, take thee Florence," and, "I Florence, take thee Henry," was mutually plighted.

The feast went on, the ball went on, the bon-fires blazed, the men got drunk;—all was conducted in the true spirit of an Irish wedding, and as was worthy of so beautiful and so wealthy an heiress.

Meanwhile, travelling carriage, servants, horses, outriders, all covered with white and silver favours, appeared in due form at the castle door. The bride, having taken leave of her friends, was handed in—the bridegroom placed himself at her side—the lady's-maids were in the rumble-seat behind—all was right and ready to start; when a ragged fellow, caubeen in hand, and mounted on a dusty, jaded-looking "grey horse," came galloping furiously up the approach; and waving his hat and huzzaing, hauled up his tired steed at the carriage window.

"Hurra! hurra! long life to yez both—long life to the noble *Captain O'Brien* an his beautiful lady! Noble captain, shure yez won't for-

git Darby Flanagan, that did yeer job for yez nately—och! shure didn't I lave the English gintleman, and his man to boot, at Cockshout this morning, lying there beyant in a bog drain, fornint the ould haunted house; an Jerry Sullivan's ould chay in smithereens, as well as the new English carriage afore—an thimselves up to the neck in bog wather—an here I am, sint on for *help*, captain jewel! Hurra! hurra!—long life to the noble Captain O'Brien and his darlint lady!"

"Darby, my man," said *Henry O'Brien*, the cousin-german, and now husband to the lovely heiress; "Darby, my hero," he continued, cordially shaking hands with our friend Sir Henry Stavely's mad driver—"Henry O'Brien can never forget the services you have performed; you shall be rewarded far beyond your expectations, and your "four greys" shall never draw a hired carriage again—but your reward cannot equal my gratitude. You may now go and release your prisoners from the bog drain; they cannot harm us more;—then follow us to O'Brien House, where my Florence shall thank you herself."

HELP AND HOLD;

OR,

THE HUNTING OF THE BRUCE.

An Ancient Ballad.

THE Bruce hee would a hunting goe,
On the Pentland hills soe fair ;
And hee was aware of a lily-white doe
Arousing her from her lair.

From her lair sprang up that lily-white doe,
And fled o'er the hills awaye ;
“ Now slip the dogs, and lette them goe,”
King Robert hee 'gan to saye.

“ That milk-white doe, she must be mine
Ere the sun sets inne the sea ;
'Twould bee shame once more that game to tyne
Wee have hunted for long days three. .

“ For three long days wee have sped the chase,
With hounds both staunch and good,
Yet the best are exhausted inne the race,
Without tasting the quarry’s blood.

“ It were shame to lette such a creature foil
The Bruce and his nobles all ;
To have wearied our steeds, and wasted the toil
Of our dogs both great and small.

“ My hounds they are fleet, my hounds they are
good,
Well bred, and well tried inne the chase,
But if any have dogs of a better blood,
Bring them forward to win this race.

“ Are there none of my lords and liegemen here
Who have hounds more trusty and bold,
To follow the track of this rebel deer,
And lay on ere the scent be cold ?

“ A boon, a boon, lords and gentles true !
My kingly promise I bind,
To him who can bring either brach or sleugh
To run down that snow-white hind.”

Then the nobles all doubtingly look'd around,
None ventured to saye or to sweare
That he owned a more gallant or better bred hound
Than the King's—to hunt the deer.

No man stood there, who would venture to saye
“ My Liege, your dogs are too slow,—
We have better hounds on the scent to laye
And run down that lily-white doe.”

No man ventur'd to saye a word soe bold,
Save the gallant Sir William St. Clair,
And hee wager'd his good dogs Help and Hold,
To run down that hind soe fair.

“ A boon, a boon, then, my liege,” hee cried;
“ If a boon you will grant to mee;
My hounds they are staunch, my hounds are good
Through forest, and over lea.

“ Oh grant mee my boon, mine own liege lord,
Oh grant mee my suit soe bold,
And I pledge my *head*, and my knightly word,
On my good dogs Help and Hold.

With Saint Katherine's said, and our Ladye's grace
I have neither lette nor fear
But my gallant hounds will be first in the chase
To pull down this rebel deer."

"Speak out thy boon," King Robert hee cried,
"St. Clair soe gallant and trewe;
If the wager is won, whatever betide,
That boon I will grant to you.

"For whether it should bee castle or land,
Or forest, or upland lea,
Or these Pentland hills, on which wee stand,
I freely will grant them to thee.

"But—if thy two hounds so staunch and bold,
Should fail in the trial free—
If Help should be late—and lette goe should Hold,
Then thy *head* is forfeit to mee."

Sir William of Rosline knelt on the ground,
Low before the King kneeled hee,
And holding the leash of each gallant hound,
He spoke out, thus bold and free :

“ I ask not for castles, I ask not for lands,
But I ask for thy daughter fair,
To bee joined by the church inne holy bands
To mee, Sir William St. Clair.

“ To mee, the knight of Rosline vale,
Grant the hand of thy daughter fair ;
Or the forfeit to bee—if my dogs should fail—
The head of the bold St. Clair.”

Now dark, dark, grew the Bruce's frown,
And dark red grew his cheek ;
“ Sir knight, thou art over bold to own
The love thy words bespeake.

“ For the daughter of thy king to ask—
Inne good soothe the suit is bold—
And to pledge thy head on such a task !!!—
Now look to thy ‘ Help and Hold.’”

“ If thy Help and Hold should fail thee now,
Hope not for pardon or grace ;
But bare thy neck to the headsman's blow,
Should thy dogs not win the chase.

“ Should thy hounds not kill the deer before
 She can cross the wide March Burn,
 My daughter Kate may thy loss deplore,
 For to her thou shalt never return.”

Then St. Clair hee mounted his berry brown steed,
 And his hunting horn did blow;
 “ Now the blessed Saint Katherine bee my speed,
 Or my head it will surely goe.

“ Now the blessed Saint Katherine bee my speed,
 Of my love the patron saint;
 If she deign to help me, at this my need,
 My courage it should not faint.

“ Now holy Saint Katherine bee my guard,
 And lette not the scent grow cold;
 I trust all to thee, to thy watch and ward,
 And my good dogs Help and Hold.

“ If they win the chase, by thy kindly aid,
 A fair Chapelle to thee I’ll build;
 And the first foundation stone shall be laid
 On the spot where the deer is killed.

"To thee will I build a Chapelle fair,
If I win my suit soe bold;
With statues there, all in sculpture rare,
Of my good dogs Help and Hold."

Then hee slipped the hounds and lette them goe;
The hounds soe free and bold;
And they prov'd themselves neither slack nor slow,
Nor did the scent grow cold.

But the hind, she was light of foot and free,
If the dogs were stronge and bold;
And a wearye chase, over hill and lea,
She led both Help and Hold.

St. Clair hee rode, and cheer'd them on,
Hee rode att the utmost speede;
Till breath and eyesight are nearly gone,
And failing the gallant steed.

The Pentland hills are past and bye,
The fatal burn in view;
The snow-white doe she seems to fly,
The weary hounds pursue.

The wearye hounds, the failing steed,
Can scarcely keep in view;
His drawn up flanks now freely bleed,
His gore the spurs embrue.

"Press on, press on, my gallant hounds,
The hind is on the shore—
One moment and she's past the bounds,
One moment, and no more.

"One moment more, and all is o'er,
She plunges in the wave—
If once she reach the distant shore,
St. Clair no aid can save."

Hee cast the bridle from his hand,
On earth his limbs he flung;
"If once the deer have reach'd the land,
My knell may then be rung.

"Farewell, my trewe and only love;
My memory doe not slight;
I die, to thee my truth to prove,
I die thy faithful knight.

“ In vain I’ve soughte to gain the boon
Of thy dear hand and harte;
My deathe must prove to thee full soon
The fate that bids us part.”

“ Look up, Sir William!” cried the Bruce,
“ What aileth thee lying here?
When thy gallant hounds are standing loose,
Beside the slaughter’d deer.

“ What aileth thee, lying on the ground,
When thy dogs have kill’d the doe?
Arise—behold each noble hound,
With the quarry lying lowe.

“ In truth, your wager was well nigh lost—
She was swimming in the flood,
When the right good Hold, before her cross’d
And dy’d his fangs in her blood.

“ And on the near bank of the burn,
To save his master’s life,
The honest Help came up in his turn,
And *help’d* you to a wife.

“So now, since it is so much better late
 Than never—the deed is done,
 I must fain give to thee my bonnie Kate,
 Whom I own thou hast fairly won.

“And those Pentland hills, where now we stand,
 To Rosline’s knight shall pass;
 With Logan house, Earncraig, and Kirkton land,
 As a dower for the royal lass.”

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
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At Rosline stands a Chapelle fair,
 To record this hunting soe bold;
 With statues adorn’d, all in sculpture rare,
 Of the good dogs Help and Hold.

LOVE.

"Fiel hasta la muerte."

"COME, Bessie," said Donald Graham, addressing a small wire-haired terrier, who, with intelligent and sparkling eyes, was gazing in her master's face; "Come, Bessie, come—the world has deserted me—all my hopes have deserted me—and you, Bessie, you also will be compelled to desert me soon—poor little dog—it will be with a pang to thy kind and loving heart, I doubt not—but—come away, we will revisit once more that glen where we have passed so many happy days—and then—come away, Bessie, come away—"

Donald Graham was the youngest son of a Scotch gentleman, of good birth, large family, and small fortune. It was considered a provision for life for a younger son, a day of jubilee to father, mother, brothers and sisters, when Donald, by means of an influential noble friend,

received a pair of colours in a marching regiment—a Highland regiment, the —— foot. He was Highland born, Highland bred, and his appearance did not disgrace his country, the gentle blood from which he sprung, or the gallant regiment into which he was received. It was quartered in Dublin, to which city the young aspirant for military honours proceeded forthwith.

It was on the King's birth-day, at a review in the Phoenix Park, that Donald Graham first saw the high-born and most beautiful Lady Augusta Dorset. He stood at his post, in front of his regiment, holding the colours, ready to salute the Viceroy, who approached, surrounded by his staff: amongst that sparkling and chivalrous looking group were mingled, in gay confusion, several ladies on horseback; and, pre-eminent above all, in her beauty, graceful carriage, and equestrian skill, appeared the only daughter of the Earl of Albany—in all the glories of her brilliant youth, her beauty beyond compare, the admired of all observers—the idol of fashion, before whose shrine every knee was ready to bow.

Donald felt the influence, even more deeply

and more suddenly than others—in his salute, he forgot the representative of majesty, to whom it was supposed to be addressed, and in presenting the colours, beheld only *her*—under that earnest gaze, the young beauty felt her cheeks glow with an additional lustre, albeit well accustomed to be looked on with admiring eyes; still there was that in the appearance of the Highlander which commanded observation towards himself.

His face and figure were of a magnificent description, not to be passed by unnoticed. Standing fully six feet four inches in his flat heeled Highland shoes, formed with perfect symmetry and strength, though from his youth still slight proportion—a face as perfect in its moulding—aquiline nose, dark eyes of jewelled lustre, a short and upward curling lip—a lofty, quick (almost eager), expression of countenance, an expansive brow, and jet black curls clustering around his sun-burnt cheeks. Lady Augusta *saw* him in his picturesque dress and plumed bonnet, as she passed in the slow procession, lightly curbing her proud and impatient steed, amidst the roll of the drums, the military and

spirit-stirring “tintamarre” of a royal salute. She afterwards *remembered* that she had seen him—when she closed her eyes at night, that lofty, beautiful, but almost gigantic figure, disturbed her dreams.

What would not Donald have given to have known that he held even so much place in her recollection—that is, if he had any thing to give—for, alas! he had no earthly possession save his heart, and that was hers from the very first moment—love at first sight is not always a fable.

However, an Ensign in a marching regiment, living upon his pay, had small chance of gaining admission into those exclusive circles in Dublin, where alone Lady Augusta was to be met with. He could, undoubtedly, and did sometimes, see her in public—at great charity balls, patronized by the Lord Lieutenant, in the park, &c.; he saw her mostly at a distance—rarely near enough for their eyes to meet; but, if they did, she blushed and turned away.

This state of things could not last. The impatient Highlander was determined to leave no effort untried to get “within the pale,” (for some years ago there was a pale to be over-

stepped,) but all his efforts would have been vain, had not chance, or rather his own personal advantages, presented an unexpected way—rather a circuitous, and certainly not a very correct path—but it was the only one possible; and the young lover caught at it with such avidity that his motives for so doing were readily misinterpreted—but this mistake was in fact essential to his success.

A lady of the same exclusive “caste” to which the daughter of the Earl of Albany belonged—who had once been herself a beauty, (that day was long by,) nevertheless still preserved a taste for admiration, and, in the wane of her own personal charms, a more decided predilection for those advantages in others, provided always the holders were not of the feminine gender.

This personage, Lady Clanroyston by name, was struck by the magnificent appearance of the young Highlander, as he hovered perpetually around the Viceregal party in every public place. Though not of the “clique,” he was of too distinguished a figure and face to be overlooked: he became the object of attention and observa-

tion to most of the ladies, and to some of the gentlemen also; but, from very different kinds of feeling, being generally by the latter, in affected scorn and mockery, denominated "the Scotch giant."

At length Lady Clanroyston, little scrupulous by nature as to facts, and hardened by custom as to appearances, boldly desired the Colonel of the —— regiment to bring his young standard-bearer, who so well became and did so much credit to the uniform, and introduce him to her, as she wished to patronize him. Colonel ——, with a smile, obeyed: and the enraptured Donald Graham beheld himself at once, and as if by the wand of an enchantress, transported within the magic circle.

Just at first, this did not altogether answer his expectations: he was undoubtedly nearer to, and saw Lady Augusta Dorset oftener, and more at his ease;—but still, notwithstanding his inexperience, he knew, or suspected enough of the morals and manners of the world of fashion and its denizens, to be aware that all his external attentions must be exclusively devoted to his avowed patroness. How did his proud Highland

blood chafe at this (to him) degradation!—how he hated the woman who thus made him seem to be her slave!—and how would his soul have spurned at the dishonest bondage, had it not been utterly blinded and engrossed by that all-absorbing passion, which, by the force of internal indulgence and external difficulties, had now amounted very nearly to insanity.

But, even if he had not been required to pay those unceasing public attentions to Lady Clanroyston, by which her vanity and fancy were to be kept in play, he could scarcely, in common prudence (he would not have been prudent could he have helped it), have found opportunities of approaching Lady Augusta, surrounded as she always was by admirers of her own “caste,” and under the watchful eye of her father—the proud, the cold, the stately Earl of Albany.

Fortunately, however, (or rather unfortunately,) for the interests of Donald’s frantic passion, the heat of the month of June, in that year, (not a very usual complaint against June weather in Ireland,) drove most of the fashionable world out of Dublin.

A large party was arranged to visit the county

of Wicklow, and to transport, amidst its wild and romantic mountain scenery, the luxurious habits and manners of the metropolis. A month was to be devoted to this excursion; and Lady Clanroyston had sufficient interest with the Colonel of the — Highlanders to procure leave of absence for Donald during that period, and to bring him with her in the character of “cavalier servente,” an arrangement which excited no small degree of indignation amongst those scions of the aristocracy who formed the escort of the other ladies, and who cast many a glance of apparent contempt, and real envy, on this splendid innovation within the pale of the exclusives.

Their contempt was assumed—but that which Donald felt for himself was real—he scorned, he abhorred himself far more than they could imagine, who felt no shame, saw no disgrace in any moral depravity whatever, although they considered that fanciful degradation springing from poverty and obscurity as indelible.

Two circumstances occurred, during the first week’s duration of this rural party, composed of such anti-rural materials, producing a most

essential alteration in the posture of affairs. Lady Clanrayston caught a violent cold, which confined her almost wholly to the hotel, and rendered her unable to join in the walking or riding (donkey) excursions amongst the mountains, in which the rest were engaged every day—and the Earl of Albany was suddenly called to London on business of importance.

Who was there now to prevent—who should *dare* to prevent Donald's approach to Lady Augusta? If *she* smiled, what to him were the dark looks and frowns of her puny aristocratic admirers—any two of whom the young mountaineer knew he could have annihilated by a single blow. Of this they were tolerably conscious, and, therefore, were obliged to content themselves with looking stately and languishing, and seeming to think the weather too warm for any active exertion beyond the support of their own exquisite persons—thus leaving to the enraptured Donald (because they could not help it) the sole charge of the beautiful Augusta—sometimes to lead her donkey over difficult passes (Hibernice a bad step), and not unfrequently the maddening delight of carrying her over rocks and

terrènts and places, "where mortal foot hath na'er, or rarely been," and where no quadruped would venture to set a *hoof*—although there was one four-legged creature, whose little *paws* were in constant attendance.

Wherever they went, poor little Bessie was always of the party. This Donald allowed, since her activity and playful gambols appeared to amuse Lady Augusta, and the notice which the dog excited sometimes served to fill up rather embarrassing breaks in their conversation.

At length the peregrinations of this wandering party led them to the wild scenery of the valley of Glendalough.

Many were the opinions given, various the tastes respecting, this "gloomy shore,"—some declared it to be frightful—some, on the contrary, thought it sublime—Lady Augusta was amongst the latter; yet, even if she had not, the place bore so strong a resemblance to some of Donald's native mountains, the favourite haunts of his boyhood, that it could not have failed to charm him.

The story of the unhappy fanatic Saint Kevin, and his fair and simple hearted victim, was re-

lated in various ways, and commented on in all its bearings—the true and loving girl was pitied by some, sneered at by others—those to whom a woman's love, or any love, is but a scorn and mockery.

The party were grouped around a spot above the lake, called by the guides "the Lady's Daunt."—possibly this name originated from the difficulty which most ladies might find in passing beyond it for the purpose of descending into the hollow rock overhanging the lake, from whence the ungrateful Saint hurled the unfortunate Kathleen. Lady Augusta expressed a wish to pass this "daunt," and try the strength of her nerves by exploring the way into the cave.

"If any of the gentlemen," she said, with a smile, "will assist the guides to pilot me over this awful verge."

Donald maliciously held back for a moment to enjoy the confusion of his rivals, not one of whom, he knew (and Augusta knew), would have ventured their precious persons beyond the "daunt."

The impetuous Highlander, hardy, active, mountain bred—with the strength of his native

air bracing every sinew, its keenness flashing from his eye, its freshness glowing on his cheek, was well aware that *he* must be the escort whom Lady Augusta expected when she made such a proposal ; he curbed his impatience, whilst the other ladies, crowding around, sought to dissuade their fair companion from such a perilous enterprise ; and the gentlemen, trying to smile, assured her it would be “ quite impossible for any lady to succeed in such an undertaking—that none but peasants,” &c.

Lady Augusta listened to all this for some little time in smiling silence—then, suddenly breaking from those who endeavoured to detain her, she sprung on the boundary, calling out:—

“ Farewell, good, careful friends ; since none have the courage or gallantry to assist me, I must only commit myself to the care of the guides—*they*, at least, will not object to taking charge of me in this desperate adventure.”

Donald sprung to her side as she spoke—his heart throbbed so violently, that he could scarcely find utterance to offer his services—he trembled to such a degree, that he seemed, and felt at the moment, to have little more bodily strength

than the fair and delicate form which he had undertaken to support—a few minutes, however, and the sight of the *real* difficulties of their path, restored to him his natural vigour, since he saw at once that it would all be required for her safety—and it *was* all required; for when she beheld the rocky precipice which she had thus rashly undertaken to descend, and the dark still lake below, she shuddered, hung back, lost her presence of mind, and was totally unable to aid her companion with the assistance which her spirit, lightness, and activity, generally afforded. She lay helpless on that stalwart arm, was pressed unresisting, and apparently unconscious, to that beating heart, and only recovered her breath and eyesight, when seated in safety in the rocky cave, which is a cleft in the face of the precipice overhanging the lake, by a sheer descent of upwards of ninety feet.

The guides had, on seeing that their assistance was not required, drawn back—but Donald had scarcely seen his lovely companion's colour and smiles returning, when he was summoned, by loud calls from above, to re-ascend, and give the rest of the party an assurance of the safety of

Lady Augusta Dorset, whom he had the temerity of thus undertaking to conduct.

How unwillingly he re-ascended—how drily and coldly, how haughtily (impertinently they thought) he answered the numerous enquiries touching the welfare of the lady, and with what rapid and head-long haste, to the manifest danger of his own neck, did he return to the vicinity of his fair charge.

He stood at the mouth of the cave, and beheld Augusta seated on a projection of the rock; on her lap she held Donald's little terrier, Bessie, whom she was fondly caressing, bending over, and talking to, in low whispers, whilst the intelligent little animal, with its bright and speaking eyes, looked eagerly in her face as if it comprehended the purport of her words—Donald heard them not, but he *saw* that which brought conviction to his heart.

It was not the circumstance of her caressing the animal—any lady partial to such creatures might fondle a nice little playful dog, which Bessie certainly was, some of the other ladies had lap-dogs, whom they were perpetually caressing—little useless brutes, Donald thought, far

inferior in attraction to his terrier—but, on his appearance, the sudden rush of blood to cheeks, forehead, neck, and hands—the confused haste with which Augusta pushed her plaything away from her, and the apparent, but evidently assumed anxiety, with which she seemed intently employed in examining if her dress had sustained any injury from Bessie's paws, and the *look* accompanying all this—that look never to be mistaken or forgotten—so involuntarily given—so suddenly withdrawn—that *look* brought conviction to his heart—and the next moment saw him at Augusta's feet.

From that hour there was no longer any reserve between them—although, from having obviously excited suspicion as to the nature of their confidence, they were, in order to avoid the sneers of the rest of the party, necessarily obliged to use caution in their intercourse, and to abridge their conversations, especially as the unwelcome recovery of Lady Clanroyston cut off many opportunities for such—but, in place of these, how many a tender billet did the unconscious Bessie carry from one to the other, tied beneath her collar.

“Confound that long-legged Scotch giant,” said Lord George Scamp, to the Hon. Colonel Revel; “he is always in the way—what the devil business had Lady Clanroyston to introduce her *low* favourites amongst *us*—’pon my soul I am astonished Lady Augusta can endure his forwardness—always by her side—and his cursed dog for ever in her arms—’pon my soul I would break his bones if I thought—”

“Really,” replied the Colonel, “it would require something more than *thought* to break *his* bones—and it appears to me, that Lady Clanroyston never evinced so *elevated* a taste before—he, he,—” added the Colonel, faintly exerting himself to accomplish a laugh at his own attempt at a pun—

“He, he,” echoed Lord George, yet more faintly, biting his lip, settling his stock, and drawing himself up to his full height, which at its utmost extent, and by dint of stretching, might amount to about five feet four—he had at one time been counted amongst the number of Lady Clanroyston’s followers.

“But may I ask,” continued Colonel Revel, after a pause, and two or three whiffs of his cigar,

"what is this tremendous *thought* which would enable you to break the bones of this gigantic mountaineer?—I wish to Heaven he was a little *lower* in rank, though not one hair's breadth in stature—what a splendid recruit for the Blues—but your athletic thought, George—let us have it—your thoughts are always of such value and importance, it would be a pity to have one lost."

"Oh! nothing of much consequence," replied Lord George, "at least to any one except myself and my creditors—but just if I thought her brother Lord Flint was likely to die, and he is certainly consumptive—I would (at least I believe so) marry Augusta myself—and then it would be devilish unpleasant to have such an appendage as that fellow to one's family—besides, if Flint should recover—and he has twice, in spite of the Doctors—why one would be deucedly hampered with a wife having only £5,000—but if Flint dies—"

"Why, then, the title, as well as the estate, will go to the heirs general," said Colonel Revel, "and Lady Augusta would, all in good time, when old stiffy shall be gathered to his ancestors, become Countess of Albany in her

own right—ham—rather a nice speculation, George—however,” added the Colonel, passing his fingers through his curls, (slightly shaded with grey) and stretching forth a handsome foot and leg, cased in an exquisite French boot, and of a considerably more respectable appearance both in latitude and longitude than those of Lord George, “Are you sure, George, that Lady Augusta would accept *you*?—I suppose the field is open to all competitors—and if you *should* fail, why it really would be a scandal to let an upstart, whom nobody knows, carry off such a prize—the Queen of the Aristocracy—the finest girl in England, beyond all doubt—wonder, however, she is not somewhat more refined in her taste—magnificent Life Guardsman he would make, undoubtedly—but, then, a girl of rank and fashion—and such a girl—with such expectations, too!—d—m the fellow’s impudence—”

Lord George bit his cigar, threw away the pieces, and hummed an air. The Colonel filled his glass and mused for a while—then said:—

“It would be easy to smash this business by

giving a hint to the Dowager—how she would blaze, like a tar-barrel—but then one would not like to appear in the character of an informer—and, besides, one would not fancy being served so one's-self—”

“One's-self!” cried Lord George, “one's-self! what the devil! do you mean to class such a fellow as one of *us*—ha, ha, curse me, but that's quite too good—”

“Why, not exactly,” replied the Colonel, smiling just sufficiently to show his white teeth, “but I apprehended that Lady Augusta might not be inclined to show much favour to any one who appeared to interfere as a spoil-sport—for the truth is, she seems quite *entêtè* with this young fellow—if Lord Albany was to return, *that* would soon settle the business.”

The Colonel pushed aside his glass; Lord George flung away the remaining pieces of his cigar, and, yawning and stretching, they proceeded with languid step to join the ladies and the rest of the gentlemen, who, (the party having at that period taken up their temporary residence at the Ovoen inn,) had strolled down to the river, “the meeting of the waters,” and there

had been *chairs* !!! placed for those amongst the fairer portion of the group, who were apprehensive of catching cold, on a soft still evening in June.

Lady Augusta, not being of the number of these careful egotists, had seated herself on a large stone, close to the waters' edge, and, under the pretence of a game at romps with Bessie, had rolled the little terrier (just emerged from the river) in an Indian shawl, under which cover she was really engaged in extricating a small billet fastened under the dog's collar, and considerably damaged by the water.

"Bless me! Lady Augusta," drawled forth Miss Sycoprata, the companion of Lady Clanroyston, "do look at your beautiful shawl!—the figure that dirty wet dog has left it—why that shawl must have cost—"

"Cost!" repeated Lady Augusta, looking up with some surprise at an idea which never crossed her mind—then setting herself with redoubled care, to her difficult task, she murmured:—

"I wish the shawl had been the only thing injured by the water."

"If your la'ship is so fond of dogs," continued

Miss Sycoprate, "here is this love, Lindor," holding forth Lady Clanroyston's silky, long-eared lap-dog; "perhaps you would choose to play with him—and he is quite clean—I have been carrying him in my arms all day," she added, with a sigh, which plainly told that the task had not been undertaken willingly; "la, now—stay quiet, Lindor, darling," awkwardly (and evidently not in the habit of handling animals of any description, either dogs or children,) endeavouring to detain Lindor in her arms, who struggled vehemently to get to the ground, for the apparent purpose of cultivating an acquaintance with Bessie, who regarded the silken-haired and "essenced darling" with a scornful and upcurling lip, betraying a set of teeth which might have alarmed a more valiant personage than Lindor's general appearance betokened him to be—however, at this moment, he was not only courageous but obstinate, and certainly foolhardy; struggling furiously with Miss Sycoprate, who (diminutive as he was,) had not sufficient address to hold him; and springing to the ground, was, as it might have been anticipated, instantly seized by the indignant Bessie, rolled

over and over in the gravel and dust, and finally thrown into the river, amidst the screams of all the ladies (except Augusta) and the loud and angry reproaches of Lady Clanroyston—partly addressed to Miss Sycoprate, and partly to Donald, who had been for some time in “*durance vile*” standing at the back of her chair, with his eyes fixed on Augusta, and his whole attention certainly *not* with Lady Clanroyston; whose wrath at his absent and incoherent answers to the “*sotto voce*” conversation, with which she had been favouring him, did not require much “nursing to keep it warm.”

The instant, however, this uproar took place, in which his favourite had been so manifestly and outrageously the aggressor, Donald, glad of any occurrence likely to emancipate him from his thralldom, darted from his post without waiting to hear the altered tone of his offended patroness, and flew to separate—not indeed the combatants, for Lindor, offering no resistance “lay still and screamed for help,” but to extricate the hapless lap-dog from the teeth of the infuriated Bessie, who, being no respecter of “canine persons,” was mercilessly tearing large

mouthfuls of hair from his long and silken ears. But when she found that her master did not approve of her conduct, she immediately released her prostrate captive ; and fled to Lady Augusta's arms, in order to escape the punishment which she suspected might follow closely on his displeasure and her own misdoings—from that sanctuary, who could have displaced her ? not Donald, certainly—he contented himself with picking up the soiled and “all besmirched” Lindor, and handing him, dripping as he was, to Miss Sycoprate, who, although somewhat loath, dared not to reject the “watery offering,” but, on the contrary, added to the proportion of the liquid element by dropping a few tears over the untimely fate of her own new pea-green silk dress, made up expressly for the occasion, and the fragile colour chosen as most suitable to the rural *intentions* of the party.

Donald now stood in considerable embarrassment, looking at Augusta, and not daring to approach her ; whilst she hung down her head, bending over the culprit Bessie, and feeling that they were *committed* beyond recall.

The rest had all collected around the enraged Lady Clanroyston—the maltreated Lindor, and the weeping Miss Sycoprato, who sought, (with small success) to make it appear that her tears were shed for the much abused lap-dog. The men, glad of an opportunity of venting their spleen against the handsome Highlander, condoled with Lady Clanroyston, pretending to examine if her dog was hurt—the ladies, with mocking sympathy, lamented in whispers to Miss Sycoprato the damage sustained by the verdant dress.

At this moment, a carriage with four smoking post-horses drove up to the door of the Ovoen inn. A fresh and welcome arrival to some—a most dreaded and unwelcome one to others—Lord Albany had returned—and *somebody*, or *nobody* gave information to him, and explanation to Lady Clanroyston — and there was a great “ blow up.”

The next morning saw Donald Graham, and Lady Augusta Dorset, on the road to Gretna Green.

* * * *

At the cottage of a shepherd, situated at the foot of the Grampian hills, two young men applied for lodgings ; and as the house, although small, was neat and comfortable, they were readily accommodated. Both were of rare and surpassing beauty—one of singular height and strength—the other, a mere boy, with fair hair curling around a face of such bloom and delicacy, as had assuredly never been seen before in that wild mountain region, inhabited only by shepherds, and their weather-tanned wives and daughters.

These two brothers; (for such they stated themselves to be,) were inseparable—they seemed to think of nothing but each other—to have no object in life but each other's society, and no occupation save rambling all day amongst the mountains—going out with the morning light, and never returning until nightfall—the elder leading, supporting, and frequently carrying his younger and more delicate companion. They took with them their basket of provisions for the day, and their steps were always accompanied by a lively little terrier, apparently a great favourite with both.

Amongst the mountains was one spot, which soon became their constant haunt, and preferred beyond all others. It was a small lake, or tarn, closed in on every side by precipitous rocks; barren and bleak—on the steep side of one, which directly overhung the lake, was a hollow cave, closely resembling that one, in the side of the Lugduff mountain, in the vale of Glendalough, where Donald had first dared to breathe his love tale in Augusta's ear—and she had listened. This spot soon became beloved beyond all others, partly because of that resemblance, and partly because it seemed almost inaccessible to the foot of man—since for them there was no safety near the dwelling places of the civilized world. They thought that, if once discovered, they would be too surely separated; for their marriage, however binding to them, even in its irregularity, would scarcely be held so by the English laws, if appealed to by high and powerful influence; and the disguise worn by Augusta could never pass with any except the simple rustics with whom they had taken up their abode—indeed, the good woman of the house, although she made no remark on the

subject, seemed to guess pretty nearly at the class of society to which her young lodgers belonged, and the relation which they really bore to each other; for, though their dress was simple in the extreme, and the plaids in which they were constantly rolled of the coarsest "shepherd's grey;" still the lofty bearing of the one, and the delicate beauty of the other, proved plainly that their outward seeming held no communion with that within, held no companionship amongst those with whom they thought fit to associate for the time being.

The lovers had thus dreamed away, for upwards of a month, under the glowing sun of summer—"the world forgetting," though, unfortunately, not "by the world forgot,"—and also forgetting that a winter must come of the year, as well as of the soul.

One day a passing pedlar, a rare visitant in this wild region, brought a newspaper, amongst other articles, in his pack, to the gudeman of the house in which they lodged. Absorbed as the lovers were in themselves, and in each other, they had however still sufficient sympathy with the rest of the human race, or sufficient

curiosity, to know how the world, which they had abandoned, went on without their presence, to read this newspaper, which was not more than a week or ten days old. Accordingly they put it into their basket of provisions when they set forth on their daily excursion to the Linn, as their favourite haunt was called ; and, when seated on their rocky and moss-covered seat, beside a waterfall, now a scanty summer rill, (in winter a rushing torrent,) leaning, as usual, against each other, they began to read the Chronicle, which was to tell them of things and persons in a world far different from the one in which they now lived and breathed.

Nearly the first paragraph which met their eyes was "The—Highlanders, under immediate orders for foreign service,"—and, " Ensign Donald Graham, superseded, as being absent without leave."

They gazed on each other, for some time, in silence; and thoughts of a description long banished from their minds came "trooping in, unbidden guests"—they were utterly destitute—Donald's regimental pay was the only resource to which they could have looked—for Augusta's small

fortune of £5,000, the pittance generally assigned to younger children of noble families, was entirely at her father's option—consequently, of that there was not the most distant chance—the regiment being ordered on foreign service, seemed the most favourable circumstance which could possibly have occurred; had Donald retained his commission and been able to join, they might have lived abroad, although they well knew that, if discovered, they would not be permitted to live at home *together*. If they had not thus in their minds and memories “annihilated both time and space, to make two lovers happy”—they might have recollected that the leave of absence had long expired—consequently nothing could have been expected, excepting that which had actually occurred. “What was to be done?” If he could be reinstated, they might go to the Bermudas, where the regiment was ordered, and there, even amongst their fellow mortals, enjoy each other's society in a more civilized and less primitive way, than continuing to dwell amongst rocks and caves, which even *they* would not pretend to say would prove

an agreeable winter residence—and the short Scotch summer was fast drawing to a close.

“ But what was to be done?” they spent the day in considering, and at last came to the determination, that Donald should proceed in the morning to the garrison town of —, and consult with the Colonel of the regiment which was quartered there.

They parted, although only for a day, with a reluctance amounting almost to agony. Oh, how Augusta envied little Bessie her privilege of trotting beside her master’s steps. She climbed the highest pinnacle of rock which commanded a view of the road—remained until he was long out of sight; then turned to weep, and count the minutes till his return. She threw herself on the side of the heath-clad hill; and, resting her face on her hands, remained so long in that attitude that it seemed as if she did not intend to look again upon the light of day till the return of him, who was to her as air, sunshine, the breath of life. Her Highland cap of blue cloth was thrown on the ground beside her—her grey plaid flung on one side—her fair ringlets, which had been shorn of their length

in order to favour her disguise, now partly grown, clustered in rich curls around her head—her beautiful white throat was bare, and exposed to the scorching sun beams. She at length sobbed herself to sleep, and was dreaming of love and Donald—when her slumbers were suddenly dispelled—a well-known voice sounded in her ear—she started on her feet, and beheld—even as if they were the dreadful imaginings of a dream—her father and her brother standing before her: she gazed on them for a moment; then, with one wild cry, sunk insensible on the ground, and did not recover consciousness or feeling until many miles distant from the spot where she had last beheld her lover.

* * * * *

On his return in the evening, he found his home desolate—and heard a confused account, from the old shepherd and his wife, of the abduction which had been committed during his absence. He listened in silence to the description of the equipage and persons of the perpetrators of this (to him) outrage—he listened in silence, he spoke not of the result of his visit to the garrison town, or of his consultation with the

Colonel commandant there—alas! had he been inclined to speak, who was there to understand, who to sympathize with his communication?

A few days after Augusta had been thus forcibly taken away, Donald quitted the cottage in which they had lodged; and, addressing to his little terrier the words which have been placed at the commencement of this narrative, (the only words which he had spoken since his return from the town of ——,) took his way towards those hills, in the wild recesses of which he and his Augusta had been in the custom of spending their days.

* * * * *

Several months subsequent to this period, the old shepherd and his wife were considerably surprised by seeing (to them a most extraordinary appearance) a travelling carriage, with four horses, labouring up the steep and rocky mountain road—where few, if any, wheeled carriages had ever passed before. On its arrival as near as it could be drawn to the cottage, a lady,

dressed in deep mourning, alighted and advanced towards the good people of the house, who stood all amazed at this unusual apparition.

The lady looked very young, but thin, and deadly pale—she cast her dark bright eyes around with a wild expression, as if seeking for something, or person not in view—then, passing eagerly into the interior of the house, she looked carefully around with the same appearance of anxiety—at last she spoke—in that musical and silvery tone, which the old woman well recollected having heard before; and, with a faltering voice, enquired, “If the good dame remembered two young men who had lodged with her in the preceding summer, and if she could give any information concerning them?”

“Deed can I noo, my leddy,” said the good woman, putting her apron to her eyes: “twa bonnie an’ braw lads they were—an’, my leddy, gin ye were na sae pale an’ sick-like, I’d say ye’er bright een an’ ye’er winsome mou’ were a’ the same as the young ane, puir lad—that was carried awa’ frae me in a dwam like, by twa awsome chiels—while the fine strang brither,

wha cou'd ha'e sav'd the bonnie bairn—'gin ony cou'd—was awa' till the toon—an'——"

"But the brother?" interrupted the lady, "where is he?"

"Ah! my leddy, I dinna ken—waes me, that I dinna ken—he spak' na a word after he cam' hame an' faund his young brither gane—for, my leddy, they luv'd ane anither—oh! the kind luve was atween the twa—I aften thocht—but, my leddy, ye seem no that weel—wad ye no tak' a mouthfu' o' somethin'—it's ill fare sic a hobse like this can afford till sic a gran' leddy—but I hae ane bottle o' the wine, sic as gran' folks drink, sin' my puir dear lodgers left—for they wur aye delicate an' dainty like in their feedin'—an' the young ane cou'd na abide till taste our aiten cakes an' our mountain whiskey; but the ither——"

"Yes, yes, that other," said the lady, waving her hand impatiently against all offers of refreshment: "Can you not give me some clue to find that other?"

"Deed no much, my leddy; only I jalouse that, where'er he be, he's farin' far worse than e'en here—for his bit doggie——"

"Oh! the dog!" interrupted the lady, "where is Bessie? if you know aught of her, her master cannot be far away."

"Why, my leddy, sae we thocht, yet we cou'd na find him—or track the gait puir Bessie went, ava'."

"What way?" cried the lady, starting up, "Where is the dog?"

"Ah! my leddy, I kenna, noo—but aicht, or maybe ten days, after the dear bonnie lad left this hoose, an' cam' back nae mair—as our gudeman an' I wur at dinner, puir Bessie, the wee doggie, my leddy, cam' creepin' an' shiverin' intil the hoose—an', oh! sae chang'd an' starvin' like—puir bit thing—her wee tail courin' doon, her bit lugs lyin' back—an' she cam' creepin' till my fit, an' then sat up an' beggit wi' her paws for a morsel—an' deed the bonnie creature seemed famished like—an' I set doon a soup parritch an' milk—an' afore I thocht she cou'd hae swallowed it, the platter was empty, an' Bessie awa'—an' frae that time till this she cam' ance, or maybe twice in the week, an' beggit a morsel as ane famish'd, but ne'er stay'd only just till swallow it, an' awa'—an' mony

times the gudeman thocht till follow, an' ken whare she went—but she'd be gane afore he'd tak' doon his bonnet frae the wa'—an' then we thocht it was maybe no Bessie ava, but some-thin' uncanny—an' we wur fear't—an' left the soup parritch at the door for the wee thing—be it what it wou'd, it seem'd sae sair o'ercome wi' misery an' starvin'—an' a hard winter we hae had, my leddy—yet the bit thing still pick'd its way thro' the snaw—till last week—but sin' Easter we hae seen it nae mair—sae then we thocht *if* it was na Bessie, but somethin' uncanny, why it wou'd not abide the haly week, an——”

The lady, who had listened to this history with many changes of countenance, now arose from her seat; and, endeavouring to suppress feelings which seemed almost to choke her utterance, requested the good man of the house to lend her his assistance towards the hills, as she thought she might be able to discover the place where the dog harboured.

“And then,” she added, whilst large drops coursed each other down her wan cheeks, “surely Donald must be near—if Bessie stays.”

"Eh sirs! my leddy, dinna think o' sic a thing," cried the old man: "ye kenna the paths o' thae hills—they're sair treadin' e'en for hard mountain-bred boddies—but, till a leddy like ye're leddyship——"

"Lead on, good man," said the lady: "*I* at least ought to know these paths well, and shall find no difficulty, fear no fatigue—only lend me your arm to assist my steps—I am not quite so strong now as when I trod these paths before."

The shepherd, doffing his bonnet, with profound respect, offered his arm to the lady whom he and his wife had now no longer any doubt of being their former lodger—changed, indeed, in every way, as well as in her dress—but this latter change was no surprise, since they had always more than suspected the sex of the younger of their two lodgers; and that the relation which they professed to bear to each other was by no means the true one.

Leaning on the arm of the old shepherd, Augusta retraced, with "fainting steps, and slow," those well-known paths, over which she had formerly bounded with the elasticity of health and happiness. She was but just recovered

from a long and dangerous brain fever—which had wasted her strength, and blanched her blooming cheeks—her father and her brother were both dead—she had inherited *all*—title and estate—she was now Countess of Albany in her own right, and had returned to seek her husband—without whom title, wealth, and honours, were to her as nothing!

Slowly she retrod the path, now broken and doubly difficult from the winter snows and torrents, which led direct to the Linn—the scene of those happy hours which she had passed with Donald—her lover—her husband—all that she prized on earth.

The Linn was a wild, and seemingly, except by one narrow track, almost inaccessible spot, little known, even to the neighbouring shepherds: yet, since it had been the haunt and day dwelling of Donald and Augusta, she felt assured that it was *there* the faithful dog harboured, and from thence paid her visits to the cottage. In that wild haunt Augusta felt a trembling conviction of also finding her lover—(else why would Bessie remain)—a solitary hermit—wasting away the bloom of his life in grieving for her

absence—mourning for their eternal separation in this world! She pressed on as rapidly as her strength would permit, or the steep and broken path allow, in the anticipation of their rapturous meeting—all their sorrows, all their difficulties over—nothing to which to look forward save gliding together

“ On the smooth surface of a summer sea,”

unbroken by storm—unvexed by whirlwind—rank, wealth, independence, youth, beauty, love—all their own!

As they drew near the so anxiously looked-for spot, the way became more steep and intricate; the old man, albeit well used to tread the wild sheep tracks, could scarcely guide or sustain his trembling companion; she missed the stalwart arm which had formerly upborne her, and made all difficulties, all dangers, seem only as sport and as enjoyment. A group of intervening rocks hid from her view the platform which had been their summer seat; and the clear trickling rill, which, dropping from those rocks, had made pleasant music to their ears, and often served as an accompaniment to their joyous

songs, blending sweetly with their clear and youthful voices—now came thundering down, a furious dark-brown torrent; its deafening roar preventing them from hearing, until almost close upon the platform, a faint, hoarse, and querulous barking, weakly trying to repel the intruders' approach.

Breathless from the toil of the ascent, speechless from agitation, Augusta could not raise her voice to soothe the little irritable guardian of "the desert wild"—for she immediately recognized poor Bessie's well-known tones, although so strangely altered from the joyous, merry bark of the saucy, petted little favourite of other days:—still it *was Bessie*; and the sound was music. By an effort which appeared almost beyond her strength, Augusta attained the summit; and, passing the projecting barrier-rock, stood on the platform, in front of that cave which had been during the summer her resting-place, and shelter from the heat of the sun.

Stretched on his faded and discoloured plaid, on the bare rock—bleached by the winter's snows and storms, lay the mortal remains of what had once been Donald Graham—a few—a

very few months since so splendid a specimen of manly beauty—of human nature—and now—!

Still grasped in the skeleton-hand was a rusty pistol. At his feet, on a corner of the extended plaid, her head pillowed on his gloves and his handkerchief, lay the yet breathing body of his true and faithful guardian, poor little Bessie. It was not alone with her, according to the general acceptation of the motto, "True till death;" but, even *after* his death, she had not forsaken him whom she had loved so well.

On the approach of the intruders she arose, although with difficulty, and sought to repel them with menacing gestures, and a still shriller, hoarser, and weaker cry than before: she arose, and staggered towards them; when, recognizing Augusta, who stood motionless, as rooted to the spot, whence she had beheld the wreck of all her earthly hopes, her daily and nightly dreams, poor Bessie crept to her feet, and looking up in her face with dimmed and mournful eye, the querulous angry bark changed to a faint and plaintive moan, with a slight shiver running through her little body, she

"Stretched her soft limbs and died."

NOTE.—This anecdote, respecting the terrier, is *true*; and, for the information of those who may be disposed to mistake the meaning of our title, it may be necessary to state that the “Love” here intended to be exemplified is that of the Quadruped towards the Biped, and not that of the two Bipeds towards each other—which perhaps might be more properly entitled “Passion.”

THE ROBBER BARON.

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Robber Baron, he stands alone,
With nothing to love or to hate—
Sad is that gloomy man's estate,
With nothing to love, and nothing to hate,
And nothing that he can call his own,
Save his crumbling walls of cold grey stone.

The Baron had once been wealthy and proud,
Proud of his valour and wealth,
Proud of his strength, his youth, and his health,
Of his arm'd retainers, a motley crowd,
Of his open flatterers who praised aloud,
And some dearer who smiled by stealth ;

For the baron was handsome, and stout and tall,
Had power and riches, was lord of all

For many a mile of ground :
Since with heavy blows, and with morals light,
This Baron contrived to hold the right
Of every neighbour around.

He held the right, to commit the wrong,
This most doughty hero of my song ;
He tript up the heels of the passers by,
Or made heads from off their shoulders fly,
If they chose to resist too long.

His stately castle, beside the Rhine,
Held all the spoil of the country wide ;
Gold and silver, and cattle and wine,

And many a maiden fair beside,
To wait on the Baron's blooming bride,
And to wait on the Baron's heir ;—
Truly the boy was surpassing fair,

Well worthy a parent's love ;
And the fierce man forgot his nature wild
When he gaz'd on his lovely cherub child,
And he felt his hard heart prove
A feeling unwonted, new and mild,
More akin to heav'n than to earth,

And every one said "What a marvellous change!
The marauder no longer wishes to range!

From the hour of that baby's birth,
The castle appears quite a different place,
And things on a different plan—

No question of robbing, no talk of the chase,
No gaming, no drinking—not even a horse race—
Oh! the Baron's an alter'd man!"

An alter'd man was the Baron indeed,
He mutter'd his ave's, he said his creed,
He forgot to curse and to swear;
Was kind to his wife, and was courteous to all,
Both vassal and guest, as he sat in his hall,
And dandled his baby heir!

Then the devil peep'd out from the realms of
night,

And said to his fiends, in a terrible fright,

"I shall certainly lose his soul—

I'd a red-hot place for to pop him in,

To fry in his unrepented sin,

With a legion of others I hoped to win,

Since example corrupts the whole

Of a great man's household—but now I dread,

They'll reform their morals—go early to bed—
And leave off swearing and cursing,
With gaming and drinking, and other sports,
Which so well help'd to people my brimstone
courts,
And take to panada and nursing."

Panada and nursing grew all the vogue
At the Baron's castle, and many a rogue
And many a hardened sinner,
Laid his rollicking by for a little space,
And reform'd his manners to suit the place ;
The best plan, it was clear, in the present case
To get share of the Baron's dinner.

But all on a sudden a change came about,
That put sinners and nurses and all to rout ;
The baby sickened and died—
He sickened and died, and the Baron's grief
Would take no consolation, and seek no relief,
He lov'd nought in the world beside ;
In nought in the world did this Baron take joy
Save the smiles of his innocent cherub boy,
Now a cherub indeed on high ;

A creature too pure for the world he was in,
Call'd away ere his soul was polluted by sin,
Or temptation came near him to try
What evil example can work on the mind,
How the highest, best natures, exalted, refined,
(As they seem to us mortals so erring and blind,)
May be brought to the lowest estate.
How even in this glorious, this beautiful world,
"Where all save the spirit of man is divine,"
That spirit perverted, will downwards decline,
From heav'n to hell in one instant be hurl'd,
And repentance *then* cometh too late.

But the Baron unhappy would not be resign'd,
And murmur'd at Heav'n's decree,
Refus'd to take warning, or bend his proud
mind
To receive as a lesson in mercy design'd
That infliction so heavy, which should have inclin'd
Him to mourn for his crimes, and to free
His soul from the bondage so dark and so cold
Which bound it to earth, and that mercy behold
Which call'd him to think and repent;
To think and repent of his reckless bad life,

Of the murder and rapine, dishonour and strife,
He had sanction'd, encourag'd, and lent
The aid of his arm, of his strength, of his gold,
To atrocities such as here should not be told,
Lest the youth of this age, were the volume un-
roll'd,
To imitate such might be bent.

Long years pass'd away, and the Baron grew
old,
His temper grew savage and wild;
His strength had departed, as well as his gold,
His arm was as weak as a child.
As weak as an infant the Baron had grown,
His retainers deserting had left him alone,
With nothing to love, and nothing to hate,
How sad is that gloomy man's estate,
With nothing to love, and nothing to hate,
And nothing that he can call his own,
Save his crumbling walls of cold grey stone.

Cold—cold, deserted and cold,
Is that sad and companionless man,
In poverty, lonely, forsaken and old—
It might move one with pity his state to behold,

And he said, "There is nothing can help me
but gold;

I wish I could find, as past legends have told,
How my ancestors follow'd the plan
Of concealing their treasures so deep in the
ground—

So deep that no mortal has ever yet found

The spot where that treasure is laid—

Oh! if I had this gold I could buy me a friend,
For when once I was wealthy there then seem'd
no end

To the loving kind things that were said :

My castle was crowded from morning till night,
In my presence all people took so much delight,
Not an instant I had to myself.

But now that so poor and so helpless I'm grown,
They've forsaken me quite, which has plainly
made known

It was all for the sake of my pelf.

What would I not give to recall the lost days
When my halls were all sounding with incense
and praise,

And the fairest bow'd down at my shrine.

They sought for my smiles, of my glances were
proud,

Whilst my false friends and flatterers kept
praising aloud,

When feasting and quaffing my wine;

If I had but the means, I would take such de-
light

In showing these false ones my vengeance and
spite;

I would hate and torment them from morning
till night,

I would trample them under my feet;

With pleasure I'd sell both my body and soul.

If I could by so doing accomplish the whole

Of that vengeance I fain would complete."

The Baron he stood by his mouldering wall,

And gaz'd on the moon in the midnight sky;

Whence it coldly illumin'd the ruinous hall,

And hoary grey towers seeming ready to fall:

Where no sound ere is heard save the owl's dis-
mal cry,

And the moan of the night wind with ominous
sigh,

As they echo his mournings for days long since
by;

When lo! in the moonlight a dark form appears,

A pilgrim, all grislye, bent double with years,
Or with toil, or with sickness, or grief—
Then the Baron he smil'd, not ill pleas'd to behold,
A man, who than him seem'd more wretched
and old,
To see misery gave him relief—
To see misery greater than even his own
Gave him pleasure, beyond what he ever had
known
Since the days of his youth and his riches had
flown.
But this pilgrim—his face was unearthly and
grim,
Like thin rods of iron seem'd each shrunken
limb,
His skin look'd like parchment that wet
Had been stretch'd o'er a skeleton torn from
the grave,
We'll forgive the bold Baron the start that he
gave.
For in truth not a man, be he ever so brave,
But must shudder the moment he set
His eyes on an object so awful and dread;
And the Baron, tho' pleas'd, as already I've said,

Would as lieve his guest had not look'd quite
like the dead—

Such a sight was by no means a joke—

But if the mere sight made the Baron turn pale,
And shake like a reed that is toss'd by the gale,
If the sight of this thing caus'd his courage to
fail,

It was fifty times worse when it spoke.

It was fifty times worse when the creature began
With a chuck'ling laugh 'twixt hyena and man,
A sound 'twixt a yell and a croak.

It said, " My good friend, I am happy to find
You've furnish'd your residence quite to your
mind ;

The ivy, with hemlock and nettles combin'd,
Form a tapestry pleasant to keep out the wind ;
And perhaps as to solitude you seem inclin'd,
'Twould suit your convenience if I were to find
A bed in yon blasted oak.

Since you do not appear to have place for a
guest,

And I might prove troublesome did I request
A shelter beneath your roof ;

Indeed as some rain is beginning to fall,

There might not be much in your ruinous hall,
For I doubt it is water-proof—
And I do not suppose since the lodgings' so scant,
With so very few things such as gentlemen want,
I'd be much better off for board.
Of course 'tis your *choice* to live lonely and poor,
Since you've only to step a few yards from your
door,
To find out the golden hoard
Your great grandfather buried in other days—
And indeed I must say, in my own praise,
It might never have been restor'd,
If *I* had not chosen to waive my right,
To the vast store of gold and jewels bright,
Which I *saw* him bury at dead of night,
And which nobody saw but me—
Your great grandfather *thought* he was alone—
But *I* was behind the large grey stone
At the foot of that old oak tree.
He was ever a friend to me and mine,
As indeed have been every one of your line,
So to give *you* the treasure I much incline,
Since you come from an excellent stock;
If you had but the means, you would keep up
the court,

As it was when the light-finger'd there made
resort ;

And as shaking your elbows was ever your forte,
I have not the least doubt you would soon show
some sport—

You're a chip of the true old block."

The Baron he shudder'd, his flesh grew cold,
When he heard this strange speaker the story
unfold,

Now more than a century past;
How an ancestor buried some ill-gotten gold—
And assert *he was present*—indeed he look'd old
Enough to give credit to all he had told;
And the Baron, who had been a warrior bold,
Felt asham'd thus to stand aghast:

So mustering up courage, he ventur'd to say,

" Kind Sir, you're obliging, tho' marvellous
thin,

And truly considering the *case* you are in,
I wish you had paid me your visit by *day*."

The stranger laugh'd loud. " Sir, I'd have you
to know,

Whatever you think of my case,

There are many fair maids who esteem me
beau,

Nor have I much toil in the chase;

Pretty dears, they are ready to come at my call

I care not how many—I manage them all;

There are few who resist me—at opera or ball,

It matters but little the place,

If once from the fair I a *hearing* obtain—

To you, my good friend, I need scarcely explain

Since my methods are generally known.

But let us to business—your scruples give o'er

Respecting the time—to the *place* there are
more

In which it lies buried, this golden store,

You so justly may call your own.

For the money's deposited in the church-yard,

Where your ancestors' bones keep so careful a
guard;

You must pick them out one by one;

Ere you handle the gold, you must rummage and
rout

Every bone in their graves, and must turn them
all out,

Till the whole of them you have explor'd—

Not one of the set you can venture to leave,

Not a finger must even remain in the grave,
Lest it clutch at the golden hoard.
Now this is the time, in the dead of the night,
On the spot where I stand, in the pale moonlight,
Make a circle around my feet ;
Bring forth the contents from beneath each tomb-
stone ;
Make haste with your work, for you must go alone,
And do not leave behind even the smallest bone,
Or the circle will not be complete."

"This is sacrilege" mutter'd the Baron, "I know,
Such as might send me down to the regions below,
If my doom was not very well earn'd long ago.
And if my life were now to begin,
I think I'd have courage enough to say, No,
To the fiend who is sneering and mocking my woe,
And tempting me deeper to sin.
But now as things are, 'tis small matter to me—
That the Devil is jeering, I very well see,
He considers me now as his own ;
And since such is the case, I may just as well
have
A little more sport ere I go to the grave ;

Let me do as I will I my *soul* cannot save—

Beyond all redemption 'tis gone.

My time here is but short, I am weary and old,
I think 'twould amuse me to have this same gold,
Which was certainly buried, I've often been told,

Of *that* fact there's not the least doubt—

So now to my work—my good Sir, if you please,
I think I should feel rather more at my ease,

Whilst my ancestors bones I turn out,
I'd be happy to have a companion stand near,
For tho' I am not much accustomed to *fear*,
"Tis an awkward job we are about."

"You are kind," said the stranger, "extremely
polite,

But I thank you I'd rather stand here in the light.
Your ancestors' bones need not give *you* affright,
You may handle them all with the greatest delight,

But you know they're no kinsmen of *mine*;
Pray expedite matters, 'tis late in the night,
To both money and bones you've a perfect good
right,

The skeletons will be a beautiful sight
Arranged in a circle so brilliant and white,
All around in the pale moonshine.

But your teeth seem to chatter, I pray keep them
tight,

Or the enterprise decline ;

I can soon find a person less prone to take fright,
And come of the self same line.

You've a cousin, I'm told, who resembles you
quite,

So if you do not incline

Possession to take of this treasure bright,

And have scruples so superfine,

Your cousin I'll bring, were it only for spite,

And then when you are disappointed outright,

(Of which I see every sign)

You may stand at your portal for many a long
night

Ere you meet such another good offer as mine."

Ere the rhyming devil had finish'd his speech,

The Baron had stretch'd forth his hand to reach

A shovel, pick-axe, and spade,

And set digging to work with a right good will,

His worthy adviser's behest to fulfil,

Although not much used to the trade—

For a sexton's *grave* business he felt little zest,

But the matter was now far beyond a jest,

Tho' his valour was faint, yet it must be confest,
He still felt a wish for the gold.

A damp sweat on his forehead, the hair on his
head

Stood upright and stiff—if a pray'r he had said
He might have felt somewhat more bold.

But the Baron well knew, that the deed which
was there

And then to be done, was unmeet for a pray'r,
That no blessing could ever be told

On a deed so unholy—his ancestors' bones,
Despairing he seiz'd—and like so many stones
Cast them forth in the moonlight cold,

Where the tempter received them with laughter
and shout

Of strange and unearthly tone :

In a bright glittering circle he ranged them about
Till collected was every bone

One grave was unopened—the smallest and last,
Which the Baron with sorrowful shrinking had
past—

The grave of his only son ;

“Make speed,” cried the stranger, “what means
this delay?

Your time you will waste till the dawn of the day:

Two hours already have run

In this faint-hearted loitering—make speed or
I’ll call

Your brave cousin to place in your ancestral hall,

He can finish what you have begun.”

The poor Baron groan’d, by the grave as he knelt

A sorrowful man forbid;

He thought not, he breath’d not, he only *felt*

As he lifted the coffin lid:

As he lifted the coffin lid he cried,

“My child is an angel in Heav’n, oh, why!

Tho’ my body beside his may moulder and lie,

To my crimes is that heav’n denied?

A sinner accursed, I dare not presume

To raise up my eyes—for beyond the tomb,

For ever I’m destined to darkness and gloom.”

He lifted the coffin lid and gazed

On the body which therein lay;

Nor did he tremble, though sore amazed,

But forgot at that moment how many a day
Had elaps'd, since the baby had breath'd which
lay there,

As fresh and as blooming, as tender and fair

As if living it still had been—

The Baron forgot both the time and the place,
And his purpose so sinful—he gaz'd on the face

As if nought else he ever had seen—

He forgot his companion so awful and dread,
Whilst he look'd on the beautiful face of the dead,
On its still cold bed below.

Of all earthly affections, the purest and best
Which can ever arise in the human breast,
Now gush'd to the heart of the sinner oppress

With a sense of his guilt and woe;

Then pressing the baby so dear to his heart,
Bewildered, unconscious, he rose to depart.

Forgetting both tempter and gold ;

Forgetful of all that the world can bestow,
Of the crimes, of the pains, of the pleasures below,
And of all he had suffer'd of old ;

Forgetful of all, save of heav'n and his child,
Till aroused by a voice all unearthly and wild,

Discordantly scream'd in his ear.

“Set it down, set it down,” yell'd the fiend, “or
in vain

You have taken already such trouble and pain ;
All the treasure so rich, 'tis another will gain.

Make haste ; set the bantling down here,
Complete the dead circle—step over to me
And wealth most enormous you'll presently see ;
More rich than the kings of this world you shall
be ;

With pleasures unbounded, in riot and glee
You may pass all your days—come, step over to
me.”

The false words of the tempter had scarcely been
spoke,
When another voice answer'd—like music it
broke

From the lips of the baby dead—
“Hence, mocker, avaunt” said the infant, “begone!

The hour of temptation has fled ;
Where the holy affections have touch'd, they alone
Can conquer your wiles, your delusions make
known,

And the falsehood which wraps them unfold :
O'er the sinner repenting the fiend has no pow'r,
No sway o'er his heart you can hold.
That soul is redeem'd from the very same hour

Aye even the eleventh—the lost sheep is found,
Love stronger than death has sin's trammels un-
bound ;

He adores, he believes, and from this sacred hour
O'er that sinner redeemed, hell loses its power."

The voice has ceased, and to its dread repose
The body sinks again—the soft lips close,
The music ceases, but loud thunders break
Above the castle, and wild ruins make
Of the once stately pile—shrieks of despair,
With groans of agony, ring through the air.
The wildered Baron looks—the stranger is not
there ;

Unarm'd, bare-headed, on that awful night

The robber Baron left his father and,
And never more return'd. Old legends write,
That near those ruin'd halls no robber band
Has ever dared intrude—a holy light
Appears around the baby's tomb to shine,
And pilgrims make repair, to worship at his
shrine.

MABEL ANNESLEY,

OR,

THE FAIRY WELL.

FAR in the hills of Kilmashogue
A fairy well there stands ;
And o'er that well a granite arch,
Not built by mortal hands.

The clear cold wave that sleeps below,
Endow'd by magic spell;
Can beauty's brightest bloom bestow
On those who seek that well.

If with pure lip, and guileless heart,
A pilgrim seek the strand ;
The living waters o'er the brink
Will rise to meet his hand

But if a sin-stain'd votary dare
To touch that gifted brink ;
Beneath the earth, with rushing sound,
The startled waters shrink.

Loud thunder roars, the light'nings flash,
While winds career on high ;
And all the bright and fairy scene
Is lost to mortal eye.

And with this wild and wond'rous tale
Our ancient records tell,
That human lip hath never yet
Tasted this fairy well.

"And why not?" thought Mabel Annesley, as she pondered over this ballad, in an old volume of legendary lore, which had accidentally fallen into her possession ; "why not?—surely, although human nature is imperfect, all are not sinful?—have not actually committed sin—have I?—no—my life has hitherto been innocent and not entirely useless—have I not been devoted to

the service of my blind grandmother?—do I not patiently bear with her caprices, her ill temper—am I not a slave—and, alas, have I any reward? am I not deprived of all enjoyment, from the want of that loveliness with which I see all my young companions so liberally endowed, and of which I alone seem to be deprived?—they are valued far above me; solely on account of appearances, and yet I know well, that were they in my place, not one of them could stand, even for an hour, the trials which I am daily condemned to endure, not only with patience, but with, at least, apparent cheerfulness.”

Here Mabel was interrupted in her reverie by the querulous voice of her blind grandmother calling for some required service, which there was no one else to render. She instantly flew with alacrity to minister to the helpless old woman's wants, and in this accustomed occupation forgot for a while her own discontents, her own complaints.

The task of attending to the old lady was by no means easy, and Mabel often sighed over the increasing difficulties; although she had never as yet evinced by her conduct the slightest symptom

of impatience—old age, poverty, and being debarred from the blessed light of Heaven, were in themselves sufficient evils to account for, though scarcely to excuse, ill-temper; and knowing, by experience, that a “mild answer turneth away wrath,” she always endeavoured to soften the asperities, and put aside, with gentle hand, the thorns and brambles obstructing her onward path of duty. It was difficult on that evening, for her grandmother was in a peculiarly ill humour, and Mabel felt unusually depressed; but she made a strong effort to conquer herself, since she knew that what must be done ought to be done well, and with a good grace.

Thus, then, she met querulous reproaches, and unfounded accusations, with soft and humble answers; feeling and believing that she was herself “a thing forbid,” marked out, and treasured only to be of service to others—she must make herself useful in order to be endured. It was true her grandmother was blind, and had never seen her; but that circumstance was no bar to the knowledge which every gossip in the neighbourhood was so ready to import; that Mabel was a poor, sallow, stunted, coarse featured girl;

and *therefore* only fit to be knocked about and made useful—such an ill-favoured person had no right to pretend to fine feelings.

But, alas ! the poor girl, had fine, or at least sensitive feelings, unfitted for the station in life to which her fortune and her appearance had condemned her—an exalted and romantic imagination; uncontrolled by education, and nurtured by solitude—a warm heart, that sought to love, and to be loved, with none to share its feelings—feelings which, unregulated, wandered in the wild vague of bewildered enthusiasm, and for want of an object centred in *self*.

These aberrations were, however, only mental, for they did not appear in her actions, which from childhood had been marked by patience, forbearance, and a deep humility, springing from the overwhelming sense of her personal disadvantages. Apparently, she “lived, moved and had her being” only for the service of others; but, in the depths of that burning soul, were thoughts which found no external vent; aspirations for some unknown, some untried good—daily and nightly dreams of something never to be realised on earth—but which, to her diseas-

ed and wandering imagination, appeared to be shut out from her alone—she had yet to learn that the evils of this world are distributed with an equal hand to all.

Mabel then, when all domestic arrangements for the evening were completed, took the Bible; and, with a steady voice, although with wandering thoughts, continued to read aloud until her aged relative was in a profound sleep; then, softly closing the book, she stole out to enjoy a solitary walk.

It was a wild autumn evening; the sun was yet high above the horizon, and Mabel felt a restless desire to ascend the mountain named in the foregoing ballad, at the foot of which the humble residence of her grandmother was situated. There she had been born, and brought up in the retirement which the old lady's blindness, as well as her limited circumstances, rendered necessary, and Mabel's very homely appearance was thought by her more distant and more wealthy relations a sufficient excuse for not noticing, or attempting to draw her from obscurity, into a world which she was so little calculated to adorn.

She had heard of balls, operas, masquerades, and of the pleasures there enjoyed by others—pleasures from which she was destined to be forever debarred, for she had understanding to know that even if introduced to those brilliant scenes her appearance was such as effectually to prevent her from being admired, or even noticed; but, alas! she had not sufficient philosophy not bitterly to regret the privation. Her lively imagination, fostered by her solitary and unaccompanied life, had exaggerated the delights to be found in the world and in society—to be admired, seemed to her to be the acme of human felicity; and the cares, the troubles, the sorrows, and the disappointments, too often the lot of the fairest of her sex, were lost to her eye in the dim and distant perspective. She had pondered on these things till her imagination had become excited, and her ideas worked up to such a degree, that although half-ashamed to acknowledge it, even to herself, she bounded up the mountain, with something of a confused belief in the existence of the well described in the fairy legend, and a vague hope that if there really was such an enchanted spring,

she might be the happy mortal destined to find it.

With the light step, and buoyancy of youth, Mabel sprang up the mountain side, and was soon encompassed by rocks, heath, and furze. The wind blew more strongly as she ascended the high ground, and long ere she reached the summit, panting and breathless, she was forced to sit down on a large stone, by the side of a rushing stream, in order to recover herself.

The setting sun now cast his glories over one of the finest landscapes which the world can produce. On one side lay the sea, and Dublin bay, bounded by Hoath, and the flat ground from Clontarf, clothed with wood, till it joins the Phoenix Park—on the other side that range of beautiful hills, which are all comprised under the name of the Dublin mountains—and in front, stretching her white arms, as if to grasp her domain, lay the city herself, reposing in placid grandeur in the glowing rays of sunset. In that fair city, the capital of Ireland, and the second in the United Empire, where so many thousand hearts were beating with different passions, where

crime, sin, and sorrow congregated; as they must do wherever mortals are assembled—in that fair city, Mabel saw only the gay pleasures, the delights which it could and might produce to others—though not to her. She gazed till her eyes were dim with tears, and dazzled by the level beams of the sun. She covered them with her hands; and, resting her elbows on her knees, sunk into a profound and sad reverie.

Gradually the high wind, which had fatigued her so much in the ascent, subsided; the rushing of the streamlet, beside which she was seated, became less and less, until at last it ceased, and, in place of its complaining and murmuring sound, a strain of joyous music, like the melody of distant bells, arose as from the city, then coming nearer and louder, Mabel started up, and looked around. The whole scene was changed.

The sun had set; the heavens were dark, but clear, and myriads of stars studded their expanse—the city below was glittering with lights; the signal for the gay throng of its inhabitants (so envied by Mabel,) to issue forth in search of their evening enjoyment. But she had not leisure just then to attend to the scene, or to

the ideas which it might have called up—her whole attention was absorbed by the change that had taken place in the mountain brook at her side.

The waters seemed to have ceased to flow in a continued stream, but were whirling within a circular stone basin, over which appeared a singularly formed and fantastic arch, composed of huge blocks of unhewn stone, around which clustered the lichen, heath, and every wild plant of mountain growth.

The water seemed to bubble up from the bottom of the well with a soft and whispering sound like the echo of the distant joy-bells, which were still sounding distinct and clear, as if calling on Mabel to share in those pleasures from which she had hitherto been debarred.

The enchanted well was before her—but she felt for a few moments powerless to move, or take advantage of that which now appeared actually within her reach—her heart sunk—her pride, her self-esteem, her vain glory, had all vanished—she knew that she was a weak, erring, sinful mortal, and dared not tempt the trial, or venture to taste the bubbling water which seemed

rising to meet her lip. She hung back, but a force unseen, irresistible, a gentle violence pushed her onward; she sunk on the ground beside the stone basin, and, resting her trembling hands on the margin, stooped to drink.

Her lips had scarcely touched the surface, when the water, suddenly rising, dashed over her face and figure—inundating her bosom, and her hands and arms. Mabel sunk back, almost fainting; and, when she recovered, the waters had subsided, the stone basin and arch had disappeared, the mountain torrent held its wonted course under the cloudless starry sky—and Mabel, springing from the ground, ran with the speed of light down the mountain side, nor paused until she had reached her humble home, and was seated in her little sleeping room opposite to the *looking-glass*.

That glass now reflected a face, lovely as her wildest visions had ever pictured—the face of a Venus, the form of a nymph—the humble, homely Mabel Annesley had attained her heart's desire—she had become “a beauty.” She gazed on her exquisite, her matchless face, with raptures, which the vainest cannot imagine, since none but

herself had ever suddenly become changed from downright ugliness to a beauty beyond compare—the fairest have, by constant gradual inspection, been in some degree accustomed to their own loveliness;—but Mabel—she was inclined to gambol and bound like a young greyhound loosed from the slips, could she have spared time to take her eyes from off the mirror which she had never before thought too small; but now it seemed not a tenth-part of the size necessary to give to her delighted eyes the whole of her matchless form. The tallow candle, in its tin socket, which had hitherto been all-sufficient to light Mabel in her little white curtained dormitory, was (notwithstanding the impatient snuffing and shaking) incapable of giving light enough to examine, in detail, the snowy whiteness of her skin, the delicacy of her complexion, the lustre of her dark eyes, the gloss of her luxuriant waving tresses. She was employed in braiding, twisting, turning those bright locks into a thousand different forms, when the voice of her grandmother, calling for the usual and expected attendance, disturbed this delightful amusement.

Mabel groaned; she arose slowly—waited to

give the ringlets another turn—lingered and lingered, hardly able to tear herself from the beloved image, until, on the old lady's repeated and angry calls, she went reluctantly to debase herself by performing the offices of a servant—so totally unfit for, and degrading to, a creature so lovely.

She found her parent in a state of great irritation, and highly exasperated at having been left so long alone, and neglected. Mabel gave an impatient answer, which provoked an angry rejoinder—she felt sullen at this treatment, which *hitherto* she had never deserved; and her thoughts being entirely occupied by her own exquisite beauty, her anxiety to return to the contemplation of so charming an object, and in wondering what effect it would produce on others, that she performed all the requisite services with a haste and negligence such as she had never before evinced. This did not tend to soothe the old lady's irritability—one angry word brought on another, until at length her passion, at what she called Mabel's carelessness and impertinence, rose to such a height that she struck a violent

blow on that beautiful face, of whose new-found charms she was quite unconscious.

Mabel started up; and, in a desperate state of excitement, fled from the presence of her angry parent.

She ran across a small field at the back of the house, climbed over a broken stone wall, continuing her flight through lanes and over meadows, until she had reached the high road—her speed accelerated by hearing the sound of some vehicle approaching. One of those most convenient, and most horrible of all two-wheeled contrivances, 'yclept a jaunting car, or Irish *vis-a-vis*, now rattled past. Mabel called to the driver; and, having the presence of mind to wrap a shawl around her head, to conceal a face too lovely to be looked on by vulgar eyes, our heroine commenced her journey to Dublin, without any very clear idea of what she was to do with herself when there.

Of admiration, of universal conquest, she was certain—her charms could not fail to command them, when seen—but the method of obtaining a proper and fitting opportunity to display those charms, was a question which required a little

more consideration than Mabel had bestowed on her departure from her hitherto only home and only protector.

She had an aunt, (her grandfather's daughter, by a former wife,) a rich widow, without children, who resided in Dublin. Mabel had never seen, and knew little of, this aunt, who moved in a different sphere of life; and was, as she had heard, "a lady of fashion," too much so to bestow the least attention on, or even to make enquiry respecting, an old, blind, (poor,) step-mother, and an ugly niece—neither could by any possibility be useful or ornamental in her fine house in Merrion Square, or fit to present to her fine company; *therefore* why should she enquire about people who might, if encouraged, make themselves excessively troublesome.—Mabel, however, thought little of these worldly considerations, which were the real cause of the utter oblivion in which they had been left by Mrs Beaufort. She only knew that if her aunt's compassion was excited, it was just possible that lady might give refuge to the fugitive beauty.

It was, although dusk, yet early in an October evening, when Mabel took her abrupt departure

from her home. The distance from Dublin was not above seven miles, and an Irish jaunting car moves with astonishing celerity, by the aid of an old, broken-kneed, broken-winded, broken-down, starved horse, (which generally, on an average, trots at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour,) and a driver considerably more than half drunk. From an equipage so appointed, it was scarcely nine o'clock when Mabel, trembling, confused, and puzzled how to proceed, was set down, according to her directions, in Merrion Square.

She had never in her life told a lie—nevertheless, some kind of falsehood seemed now absolutely necessary, in order to procure a reception—she could neither tell her fairy tale, for which, at this period of the world, no one could hope to obtain much credit; nor yet state her abrupt and unceremonious flight from home—a lie *must* be told—what was it to be?—it was necessary to invent some plausible story, of which her aunt could not comprehend why she came; and, least of all, in that strange manner, at such an unseasonable hour.

It was then decided—Mabel Annesley's first step in life was to be gained by a falsehood.

She determined (whilst her hand was on the knocker of the hall door,) never to tell another; but this *one* was, or seemed to be, inevitable. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." Mabel trembled violently when the door was opened by a footman in a gay livery, and her voice faltered when she enquired "If Mrs Beaufort was at home?" The man replied that "she was, but just going out, and he did not suppose she would be at leisure to speak with any one just then—but if the young woman had any business, she might call at eleven o'clock next day."

"I have, indeed, very particular business," said Mabel; "pray let me see your lady, if only for a moment."

Her heart died within her at the prospect of being turned out in the streets, and in the night; and, dropping a little of the shawl in which her head had been hitherto enveloped, she looked up imploringly in the servant's face—this *mœuvre*, if such it could be called, since the movement was involuntary, had its effect—the man, struck by the lustre of a pair of eyes, such as are rarely seen, answered in a milder tone:—

"Well, my girl, you may sit down here a bit; the mistress will be passing to the carriage presently, and you can speak to her for a minute."

With this half encouragement, our young adventurer sat down in her aunt's hall, on a chair, which, although somewhat harder than the old rush chairs at Kilmashogue, was certainly handsomer, more splendid, than any she had ever seen—the hall, the lamps, the pillars, the magnificent and carpeted staircase, with a view of a brilliantly lighted conservatory beyond, were things which Mabel had heard of, read of; indeed, Miss Kennedy, the mantua-maker, had told a good deal about the beautiful furniture in the Dublin houses—but still she thought the reality far surpassed either her imagination or Miss Kennedy's descriptions. And if the hall and staircase were so grand—what must be the drawing-room? As she gazed, and wondered, and turned her head from side to side, the shawl gradually fell lower and lower, leaving uncovered the whole of her fine head and bust. She was aroused to observe the circumstance from the whispering of the servants, a number of whom had collected, on the report of the first,

to look at the strange beauty who had enquired for their mistress, and anxious to know her business—the men hoping that she was come to look for service there, and the maids most devoutly praying that she *was not*: and that she would take herself, her golden ringlets, and her dazzling eyes and complexion, off, as speedily as possible.

Poor Mabel felt her cheeks burning under this scrutiny. She was so little accustomed to be gazed at in any way, that the admiring looks, and whispered plaudits of the one party, and the envious tossing of heads, and half suppressed sneers of the other, were almost equally painful.

The suspense, however, was not of long duration. In about ten minutes Mrs Beaufort was seen descending the staircase, her maid carrying her gloves, whilst a footman stood in the inner hall, holding a large cloak, lined with ermine, ready to envelope the very ample circumference of his lady. A few words from the man directed her attention to Mabel, who stood up, on her aunt's approach, in the most violent trepidation.

Mrs Beaufort, looking at her with evident surprise, enquired her business? The trembling girl, with a faltering voice, replied—

"Madam—I am Mabel Annesley, your niece—
—from Kilmashogue—and I am come—I want
—I mean—I beg——"

Here she stopped, in confusion, forgetting the story which she had invented—the falsehood which she had intended to tell—she burst into a flood of tears.

"Mabel Annesley! my niece!" exclaimed Mrs Beaufort. "Impossible!—what brings you here, at this hour?—Mabel Annesley?—why, I always thought—I always heard—come here, my dear, look up—I heard you were a very different looking girl, indeed—but are you really Mabel Annesley?"

"Oh yes, my dear aunt," cried Mabel, delighted and encouraged by Mrs Beaufort's unexpected kindness, and still more delighted to find herself only called on to speak the truth—at least for the present. "I am indeed Mabel Annesley—your sister's daughter—here is my mother's hair in a lockst with her cypher—this is very one which you hung around my neck when I was a baby, and my poor mother alive."

"It is the locket, certainly," said Mrs Beaufort.

fort, examining it in some emotion. "My dear child, come here, into the parlour—I am so surprised to see you—why, I always thought—really, Mabel, I had no idea you were such a fine girl," she added, drawing her niece towards the strong light of the parlour lamps; and, to Mabel's great satisfaction, seemingly so absorbed in the contemplation of her very striking beauty as entirely to forget to repeat the question of "What brought her there?"

Mrs Beaufort and her maid exchanged looks as they gazed for some time on Mabel, whose form and face were of a description, that even shabby and ill-made clothes, and hair tangled by the night wind, could not disfigure.

With downcast eyes, glowing cheeks, and trembling limbs, she stood in mingled hope and fear under their close inspection. At length Mrs Beaufort said—

"Well, my dear, it was full time for your grandmother to send you up to me—truly it was a pity to have you buried in the mountains. I was quite under a mistake respecting you, or I would have made enquiry—really it was very wrong to lose so much time—why, you must be

now nearly seventeen, and, I suppose, have never learned any thing—not even to dance—or music—have you?”

“No, Madam,” replied Mabel, timidly—“I sometimes used to sing when out in the fields milking, but my grandmother would not like a noise in the house.”

“Bad, very bad,” replied Mrs Beaufort; “the old woman must be doting, certainly, not to have seen—but then, it is true, I forgot she is blind, so knew nothing of the matter—or else thought she could not spare you; some people are so selfish, they think of nothing but themselves; I am sure it was a great loss to *me*, that I had not you here last winter, it would have made a great difference to *me*, don’t you think so, Dawson?” she added, addressing her maid, who was busily engaged inspecting the length and capabilities of Mabel’s hair.

“A monstrous difference indeed, *me’em*,” replied Dawson, “but I think *we’ll do now*, we have two or three months before us, before the season begins, and by that time *we’ll be ready*; Lady Foley may give opposition balls *now* if she likes, I don’t think she’ll be able to take our com-

pany away from us any more: why, me'm, them Miss Foley's as is made such a rout about, why they won't be a *patch* on us, when I've just got off these horrid old things, and settled up Miss's hair a little; where are your trunks, Miss?"

"I have none," answered Mabel blushing; "that is, I did not bring any—I—"

"No matter," said Mrs Beaufort, "you could not have had any clothes fit to be seen, if one may judge by those on you, but Dawson will settle all those matters; what a windfall!" she added aside, to Dawson; "how strange—I never heard of this before—indeed I was told quite the contrary—that horrid selfish old woman, not to let me know—what a loss I did not get such a *star* to educate—it would have made me of such consequence in society—but low people think of nothing but themselves and their own convenience."

Who can describe the raptures of our heroine, to find herself thus installed in a splendid house, treated with more than kindness, praised, admired, every one in a fuss about her; her toilette the incessant topic of discussion, her beauty an unceasing subject of admiration.

Her admission had been obtained with facility, nor had she been under the necessity of telling any particular or downright falsehood, since no questions were asked; Mrs Beaufort seeming to take for granted that the young beauty had been sent up by her grandmother to try and push her fortune under the auspices of a more wealthy relation; if Mabel's conscience did sometimes give her a sudden pang, when the image would intrude, of the helpless old woman so entirely dependant on her, and whom she had utterly abandoned, she tried to console herself with the thoughts that "of course" the neighbours would be kind; Bess Kennedy used often to call in of a morning, with the news and gossip of the village, and "of course" when she found the old lady alone would take care of her, or send some one else to do so.

But Mabel had little leisure for such thoughts. Her life was a continued hurry; dress was not the only business in hand—the winter was to be past in attending to the various accomplishments preparatory to her "coming out" in the spring. Her form was so fine and graceful, that the dancing master had little difficulty in modelling her

to all fashionable movements, and an Italian singing master soon trained her naturally fine and flexible voice, so that with his accompaniment it would produce a great effect at the concerts which Mrs Beaufort intended to give:

Fashion is a most capricious deity; neither rank nor fortune can always propitiate or win her smiles; Mrs Beaufort had for some seasons been fast declining in favour; she gave dinners, balls, concerts, but they were stupid—uninteresting—she was voted a “bore” a “dust;” ladies who had handsome daughters, or young married ladies who were themselves handsome, drew away all the young men to their parties, whilst hers were deserted—for where young men would not go, of course it was not worth any lady’s while (young or old) to be seen. Lady Foley, on the opposite side of the square, *always* contrived to fix her balls on the very same night which Mrs Beaufort had selected for hers; and this latter had the mortification of hearing the uproar at her rival’s door across the square, and of seeing in the newspapers, on the following day, an account of the damage done at Lady Foley’s great ball. “The carriages that were broken, the

cowman who had quarrelled, the pockets that were picked, and the ladies who had fainted; intermingled with praises of the police for their great attention in endeavouring to keep the crowd in order," whilst her own party was passed over with—

"We understand that Mrs Beaufort also gave a ball on the same night, and that the supper consisted of every delicacy of the season."

But, alas! Mrs Beaufort well knew that there were but very few whom even that elaborate supper could seduce away from the spot where the greatest crowd had collected, and where there was likely to be the greatest crush and difficulty to get in; Lady Foley and her handsome daughters were *the fashion*, Mrs Beaufort was *out*.

Mabel's appearance had very much changed the prospect of affairs, and it was hoped and expected, by the lady herself, and by her prime minister, Dawson, that the bringing out a new beauty, and such a beauty, would turn the tables altogether—the Miss Foley's had been out for two seasons, and no beauty, however transcendent, can ever last popular for a third.

Mabel had not only never been seen, but never even heard of. She was the niece of Mrs Beaufort, who was very rich, and had no children—that was enough—people must now be tired of the Miss Foley's faces, and it was well known that although Sir Andrew Foley was wealthy, yet he had extravagant sons, and lived, at the least, up to his income; perhaps a little beyond it. Mrs Beaufort had the game in her own hands.

The few months of probation and education passed rapidly over: the eventful "drawing-room" which was to present the young "debutante" to the gaze of an admiring world, approached—the white and silver dress was in preparation, and the waving plumes had been tried again and again, and pronounced "exquisite" by the enraptured aunt, and busy scoubrette, both of whom, after their own manner, seemed to expect to share in the approaching triumphs of the "season."

It is not our object to accompany our heroine through all the details of her campaign in "good society" in Dublin; nor would it be easy to say which, her heart or that of her chaperon, was most

elated by the unparalleled success attending this brilliant "debut." Mabel beheld every man, married or unmarried, dying for love ; every woman, married or unmarried, dying for envy of her charms. Mrs Beaufort found her parties no longer deserted—carriages were smashed at her door, pockets were picked, heads were broken, and the police in full activity ; whilst, wherever she moved, accompanied by her beautiful niece, their steps were attended by a train of the " elite" of Dublin : aid-de-camps, guardsmen, the whole of the staff, generals and all—also the few, very few peers now to be found in the metropolis of Ireland—all followed in the train of the elated " Beauty," whose power to fascinate all hearts seemed to equal that of Oberon's enchanted horn, to animate all feet.

" Mabel, my dear," said Mrs Beaufort to her niece, one morning, as they lay stretched on their respective loungers, resting after their " labours " of the preceding evening, which had been one of peculiar excitement ; " it is really necessary for you to come to some decision respecting those offers which you have had from Lord Melton and Mr Radford. I know they re-

quire consideration, and I do not wish to press you ; but before the season closes you should make your selection, though you are much improved, very much indeed, since you came to me, still I must warn you that we never can expect a *second* such a season as this—such triumphs do not bear repetition ; there will of course be some new girls to come out next winter, and, to ensure your continuing in unabated lustre, you must appear in another character, not as a candidate, but as a *leader* yourself, which, with my assistance and directions, I do not doubt your being able to accomplish, notwithstanding your inexperience—there is nothing like promptitude in these things ; a woman goes on with much more éclat from being married at the end of her first season.

Mabel listened to this harangue in profound silence, busily employed (a most ominous symptom), in pulling a hothouse rose to pieces ; at last, on Mrs Beaufort pausing to take breath, she said—

“But what ! Lord Melton is such a fool—and Mr. Bedford such a horror.”

“True, my dear, but you have not had any other offers—and those men whom you find more

agreeable, and who have not proposed, will be, if possible, more attentive to you next winter as a married woman, because they will be less under restraint; free from the apprehension of being *taken in*, if they are not marrying men. As to your rustic idea of marrying for *love*—that is, refusing a man because you are *not* in love with him, or accepting another because you are—it is really *too green*, and I request I may not hear a word on *that* subject; but, to return to those two who *have* actually spoken out: they both seem to me very fair offers—and you have only to consider whether you will be Countess of Melton, with certainly a heavily encumbered estate, and a foolish, extravagant, obstinate husband, or whether you would prefer having the command of a million of money, by marrying old Mr Radford the banker, who is undoubtedly gouty, and *may* not live very long—this appears to me on the whole, to be *rather* the best speculation of the two—because, in that case, you could afterwards please yourself, and have money at command in a much more independent way than by any allowance Lord Melton could make—but then there is the rank and title—and the conse-

quence attached—I really don't know what to advise."

Mabel's eyes were filled with tears; her mind reverted to those romantic unsophisticated days, when she had thought of love and beauty as in some way inseparably connected—she had regretted her ordinary appearance, believing that it alone debarred her from the poetry of romance: was she much nearer to the attainment of it now? Her suitors, what were they?—she shuddered to think—and the man whom she would have chosen, admired her certainly—who did not? indeed David Lindsey *looked* even more of admiration, certainly more of tenderness, than any other—but a soldier, whose gold was all on the outside of his jacket, was not the nephew whom Mrs Beaufort was likely to choose; *he* was poor, and Mabel was dependant—besides, the world said he was on the point of marriage with another—less lovely, in truth, but more wealthy: five thousand a-year against Mabel's eyes—the odds were certainly not in favour of the latter. She was not yet sufficiently hacknied in the way of the world of fashion, to relish her aunt's suggestion of her admirers being more devoted to

her after her marriage; not that she doubted the fact there were too many examples before her—but, although she had made a wonderful progress in all worldly knowledge since the night when she had deserted her blind grandmother in order to eat of that fatal tree—although she had on that night broken the fifth commandment, and had since her sojourn in the metropolis, unthinkingly and unconsciously, broken many more—still she was scarcely sufficiently hardened to meditate, in cold blood, the breaking of the seventh.

David Lindsey had won every feeling of her heart, not wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her own charms—but she heard he was voluntarily about to sign the warrant (at least according to Mabel's primitive ideas) for their separation. If she was not to be united to the man whom she loved, the next best thing, in her estimation, was rank and consequence—her aunt rather seemed to incline towards money and the gouty banker.

They spent the day in discussing this point, without coming to an agreement—the night was

to be devoted to a fancy ball, at which Mabel was to appear in the character of Psyche.

Fancy balls and masquerades have been so often described, that it would be unnecessary to enter on the hacknied subject here ; it is sufficient to relate that the beautiful Psyche received, on that momentous night, a third offer of marriage, infinitely preferable to either of the others.

General Sir Marmaduke Spencer was certainly an old man, but of most estimable character, both public and private—of a dignified appearance, and with the remains, at least, of much personal beauty—even the fastidious Mabel could not find any rational objection to the offer; and if an inclination, which she dared not avow, had not held possession of her heart, she could have esteemed herself happy and honoured by his choice; and she felt almost reconciled to that which now seemed her destiny, whenever for a moment she suffered her mind to resort to what she had been ; the timid, humble, poor, Mabel Annesley, the slave of tyranny and caprice, the scorned of all observers—slighted by all men ; even by the village rustics, and only noticed by

the girls whenever they wanted some service to be rendered by "that good-natured fright Mabel," who had not spirit enough to refuse a request, however unreasonable, or to resent an injustice when offered.

She was conscious that a change had taken place in her mind and disposition, as well as in her appearance—the reigning beauty of the metropolis, it would have been quite out of character to have been humble and submissive, and although Mrs. Beaufort was extravagantly indulgent to her, well knowing that her beauty was the sole cause and support of the popularity in the fashionable world which the old lady then enjoyed, Mabel frequently amused herself by treating her aunt with a degree of insolent caprice, little short of that which she occasionally bestowed on the humblest of her admirers. At that moment, however, their respective manners seemed to have changed—at least Mrs Beaufort, who knew the great importance and value of the stake in question, saw that if *she* did not decide at once, and compel her niece to act on that decision, Mabel would hesitate if allowed time to think, and thus perhaps lose all. "The

woman who deliberates is lost." The proverb is, however, sometimes reversed, and the woman who does *not* deliberate is lost. Mabel's deliberations ended as such things *now* generally do—in her sacrificing her secret inclinations to that which she believed to be her interest in this world. She married—became the possessor of all things (one excepted) which she had fabled as making the sum of human happiness. Beauty, wealth, influence, power; the admiration of all who beheld her; the unlimited devotion of her husband—yet she was not happy—not happy?—she was wretched—she walked the earth like a troubled, guilty ghost—her early habits, the home of her innocent childhood, perpetually recurred to her recollection—in every breeze she fancied she heard the wailing voice of her abandoned parent, calling for that help which there was no one now to administer. And Mabel, in overleaping the first barrier, in deserting her first duty, felt that she had deserted all—the days of innocence! where were they? what was she now?—the adored wife of a confiding husband, who deserved all that affection which she felt herself unable to bestow, and whom she was de-

ceiving and betraying, in thought at least, if not yet in deed. David Lindsey was the aid-de-camp of General Spencer—was daily and hourly in her sight—was, according to military etiquette, in perpetual attendance. Mabel had it not in her power to fly from the danger, even if she had sufficient strength of mind to wish it.

One thing only apparently lessened the peril—Lindsey had stood aloof ever since her marriage—wrapped in the most gloomy and impenetrable reserve—he was then offended, but why?—since he had never openly professed himself her lover—never appeared on the list as a candidate for her hand—never even attempted to contradict the very general report of his being one of the suitors to Miss Walton, the great heiress. His circumstances formed a sufficiently obvious reason for all this; but his increasing reserve, since they had been thus thrown together, Mabel felt as a sort of injury—a slight to her charms, which were, or *ought to be*, powerful enough to overturn the prudence of any man—certainly no one else showed any.

She was, as her aunt had predicted, more than ever surrounded by admirers; and the

General did not appear to dislike the universal homage paid to his beautiful wife. Her present vivacity and gracefulness, mingled with the naive simplicity of her original character, formed a combination apparently not to be resisted by any one—except David Lindsey—he, and he alone, was impenetrable—was this to be borne? General Spencer was commander-in-chief in Ireland; the next in station to the Lord Lieutenant; who, happening to be unmarried, Mabel consequently held the highest place in the society in Dublin—she was the temporary queen—the glass of fashion. Mrs Beaufort was also at the pinnacle of her ambition, for the indolent beauty left every thing to her aunt's direction and arrangement, being herself entirely occupied by her own passion for the handsome aid-de-camp, and with her plan of subduing and punishing him for his apparent indifference.

The autumn being far advanced, the world of fashion fled from Dublin, as if it had been infested by the plague; and General Spencer removed with his family to a beautiful villa residence, within a few miles of the metropolis. The grounds and gardens were delightful, and

the views extensive—only bounded by Mabel's native mountains, to which she could never raise her eyes without a cold shudder; she strove to turn her mind from what had passed, or might be passing there; and her previous resolution to subdue the stubborn heart of the rebel Lindsey formed an exciting occupation for her thoughts and actions—thus trying to banish the painful remembrance of one great fault, by the active mental employment attending on the determination to commit a greater.

Mabel's triumph seemed at last approaching. David's high principles, his resolutions, his sense of honor and gratitude towards the man in whose house he dwelt, and whose confidence he shared, were fast melting away like wax in the furnace—no word to implicate him had as yet passed his lips, but Mabel, by a never-failing feminine instinct, knew that the snare was about and around him—she had only to extend her hand and draw the string.

The moon shone brightly over the wooded lawn, touching the tops of the beech trees with silver, whilst the distant mountains lay in soft shadow. Mabel and the doomed Lindsey stood

at the door of the conservatory, amidst its balmy scents, resting from the excitement of a waltz which a military band were still performing in the ball-room. Their eyes were almost unconsciously fixed on the mountains which bounded the prospect before them, and Mabel breathed a long sigh as she gazed on that dark hill (her birth-place) which seemed to lie like a shadow on the landscape. Lindsey pressed the fair hand which rested on his arm—the fatal words that were to pledge him to his own and her dishonor trembled on his lips—he checked himself—those words which were to pledge him to the betrayal of his best and kindest friend were yet unspoken, and he endeavoured to change the current of his thoughts by changing the style of their conversation—he spoke of common places—the weather—of the landscape—but at last Lindsey spoke on a subject which contained a fearful interest for Mabel.

“Lovely as is this scenery,” he said, “I dislike looking on that dark heath-covered hill, since it was the scene of a frightful tragedy last year. I was present there when the magistrates investigated a charge against a girl who had

murdered an old woman with whom she lived—her grandmother, I believe, which rendered the circumstance, if possible, more atrocious.”

Mabel gasped for breath.

“Murdered! said you?” she exclaimed: “Oh no, no——”

“So it was supposed,” he returned: “but the wretch was never found—she had contrived to escape—my mind has dwelt more of late on the unpleasant investigation of that time, because,” he added, looking on her tenderly, “this monster, who I am told was a frightful dwarf, as wicked and malicious as she was hideous—this barbarous unnatural monster bore the name of Mabel—that beautiful, that musical name—but you shudder at the mere relation—what must I have felt at the heart-rending sight?—the poor old creature lying at the foot of the stairs, as if she had fallen, or been thrown down the flight—her grey hair spread on the flags, and soaked in her blood—one might have supposed that she had been killed by the fall, especially as she was blind—if the girl whose duty it was to take care of her had not absconded—and, as there was no money, nor any thing of value found in the

house, it is probable she first robbed and then murdered the unfortunate old woman."

Mabel groaned.

"Oh God! oh God!—take me from this place—hide me from the light of heaven——"

Lindsey caught her in his arms; and, carrying her down a flight of steps leading to the lawn, laid her on a bank beside a stream which flowed through the grounds. He endeavoured to revive her by sprinkling water in her face. She had not fainted—but the agony which she endured was too powerful for words. All the passionate expressions uttered by the frantic Lindsey, now apparently utterly forgetful of himself, of his caution—of the whole world except his adored Mabel—all this, which she had so coveted to hear—this avowal for which she had dared all—risked all, been ready to sacrifice all—had lost its charms—and fell unheeded on her ear—or at least, if heard, only added to the horror of her feelings—a wretch accursed by God and man—she pressed her hands on her burning forehead—she groaned in agony—she wept, she cried aloud—Lindsey clasped his arms around her—he pressed her to his throbbing heart.

A stern voice spoke beside them.

"Unhand her!—traitor!—villain!—turn and defend your life."

It was General Spencer. "Draw," he repeated, pushing on Lindsey, who stood before him, conscience-struck, mute, and motionless: "draw, scoundrel!" striking him with the flat of his heavy sword, for they were both in full dress uniform.

This seemed to arouse Lindsey; he drew, and stood on the defensive; but, retreating backwards towards the river, whilst the enraged husband pressed closely on him, Mabel saw the sword at Lindsey's heart, who staggered and seemed incapable of resistance—the blade appeared to pass through his body—he fell, and Mabel, with a wild scream, sprang towards him—receiving, at the same moment, a violent blow on the back of her neck, which threw her also into the water;

The cold plunge awoke her.

The blow was given by the great house dog, Basto; who, having in vain sought for his young mistress near home, had tracked her up the mountain, and in his uncouth raptures had jumped on Mabel with such force as to throw her

from the stone, on which she had been sleeping, into the mountain stream by her side.

She looked around—on her coarse red hands—on her shabby clothes—on the boisterous Basto, her sole companion—the moonlight lay softly on her grandmother's white cottage at the foot of the mountain—the musical joy-bells which had first lulled her to sleep were still ringing.

Mabel ran lightly down the hill—somewhat wiser and better than when she had ascended it—feeling convinced “that the station in life which has been appointed for us to fill is the best and fittest for us—and that the only petition which we ought to offer up is, ‘Lead us not into temptation,’ since none can tell how they might conduct themselves under other circumstances unless tried.”

SIR JOHN DE COURCY,
AND
SIR AMORIE ST. LAURANCE:
OR
THE BROTHERS INNE ARMES.

Two Ancient Ballades.

[THE whole of this tradition is given by most of the Irish Chronicles; but the fullest detail of it will be found in "Burke's Peerage," Article Kingsale.]

SIR AMORIE ST. LAURANCE.

Ballade First.

SIR Amorie St. Laurance
Stood atte his castle gate;
"Why doth De Courcy tarrye soe?—
My brother stayeth late.

“ My sworn brother stayeth late,
Hee should ere now bee here;
The roads are perilous to passe,
For his welfare doe I feare.

“ My brother John De Courcy,
For his welfare doe I feare—
My brother sworne inne feates of armes,
And to my heart full deare.

“ My trustye Squire Montgomerie,
Mount on thy fleetest steede;
That if De Courcy bee in strait,
I may helpe him atte his neede.

“ Mount on thy fleetest steed to seek
If the foe besette the way;
If the bloodye foe besette the path
De Courcy to bewray.

“ Ride forth, Montgomerie, to see
If the foe bee in the field;
Whilst I arm my gallant knights soe trewe,
With horse, and spear, and shield.

“ Whilst I arm my gallant knights soe trewe,
Who will never bend or yield;
We will succour to De Courcy bring,
If the foe bee in the field.”

Oh slowly, then, Montgomerie
From the castle gate went forth;
And slowly, slowly did hee ride
By east, by west, by north.

By east, by west, by north, by south,
If a foeman hee could see;
And hee quail'd within his dastard soul,
That scout Montgomerie.

Oh hee quail'd within his dastard soul,
When hee spy'd full manye a foe;
By wood and brake, by bank and scour,
Inne ambush lying lowe.

Inne ambush they were lying lowe,
By river, wood, and hill;
And manye a hundred spears were bent,
De Courcy's blood to spille.

Then swiftly fled Montgomerie,
And deeply spurred his horse;
Till hee met Sir Amorie his troop,
When hee stay'd his headlong course.

“ Oh halt your men, Sir Amorie,
No nearer should you come;
Oh halt, nor march your gallant men
To a sure and bloodie doom.

“ Two hundred foot, and thirty horse,
Are all that come with you;
While here in ambush lying lowe,
I've counted thousands two.

“ Oh lette us fly and save our lives,
Our horse are swift and free;
If wee are slaine, our babes and wives
May pine inne miserie.

“ These thirty stalwart men atte armes,
'Twere pittye to have slaine;
If they escape this bloodie day,
They may serve to fight again.*

* Vide Hudibras.

“ The footmen, they must ’bide their fate,
They cannot fight or flee;
Nor would itte helpe to share their lotte,”—
Thus spoke Montgomerie.

Thus spoke the scout Montgomerie,
In courage scant and slack;
Hee would leave the footmen to their fate,
Whilst the horsemen turned back.

Hee would leave the footmen to their fate,
Whilst the horsemen fled awaye;
Hee would leave his brethren to bee slaine,
And the foe to win the day.

Then Sir Nicholas St. Laurance,
Hee spoke up bold and high—
“ Oh my gallant brother, Amorie,
Can you hear that recreant lie?

“ Can you hear that recreant slanderer,
Call on your knights to flee;
Leaving two hundred to bee slaine,
Of our gallant companie?

“ Of your trewe and gallant companie,
Who have followed you soe farre ;
Who have shared, inne many a battle fierce,
The fortune of your warre.

“ If wee resist, tho’ wee must die
With honour and with fame—
Were better farre, than still to live
And bear a recreant name.”

Then Sir Amorie hee lighted down,
And kneeled on his knee ;
Saying, “ No foe hath ever yet
Seen a St. Laurance flee.

“ My Christ, my God, now hear mee sweare—
A Christian knight I die ;
And for their sakes, who came with mee,
No man shall see mee fly.

“ To thee, oh God, I yield my soul—
My bodye, whence itte came ;
To my king and countrie I bequeathe
My honour and my name.

“ My hearte, which never yet hath quail’d,
To De Courcy I bequeathe;
I have stood by him inne weal or woe,
Till that hearte has ceas’d to breathe.

“ To you, my friends, who round me stand,
I give my force and might;
My arm, my strength, my blood, to ayde
My comrades inne the fight.”

Then standing up, hee drew his sworde,
And sayde, “ My friends, come onne;
If gallant spirits win a field,
This battle may be wonne.”

Hee kiss’d the crosse upon the hilt,
Saying, “ Bee this my speede;”
Then plung’d the blade within the breast
Of his trewe and noble steede.

“ Thou hast serv’d mee well, and serv’d me long,
Thou shalt never serve a foe;
Thou shalt never bear a foeman’s weight
When Sir Amorie is lowe.

“ Behold, my friends, I *cannot* fly,
Even were I soe inclin’d;
The blood which dyes this reeking blade
Our fates together bind.”

Then every knight hee drew his sword,
And lighted on the ground;
And a bloodie scabbard every blade
Inne a charger’s heart hath found.

“ Sir Amorie, behold us now,
Aye readye for the field;
And ’tide us life, or ’tide us death,
We neither fly nor yield.”

Then Sir Amorie hee call’d to himme
His children younge and faire;
With golden locks, and rosie cheeks,
They were a blooming pair.

“ These children, that are younge and faire,
To slaye them itte were ruth;
The wildest men will pittye take
On innocence and youth.

" My prettye boys, I praye you take
 On yonder hill your stand;
 Whence you may see the bloodie fray
 Well foughten hand to hand.

" I pray you stand on yonder hill,
 Whence you can see the sport;
 Then to De Courcy you can give
 A full and true report.

" Of how you saw Sir Amorie,
 And each dismounted knight,
 With but two hundred men atte armes,
 Engage inne bloodie fight.

" With full two thousand barbarous foes,
 Thus making ten to one;
 And a bloodie, bloodie field will bee,
 Ere the summer's day is done."

Then the little boys they took their stand,
 Till the summer's day was done;
 And manye a time within that day,
 Was the battle lost and won.

Oh! manye a time within that day,
Did Sir Amorie's small band
Against two thousand fighting men,
Make a bold and gallant stand.

And the enemy, they doubted sore,
That some succour must bee nigh,
For that little troop of gallant men,
Of pride and courage high.

And back to back, these warriors stood,
With sword, and spear, and shield;
A solid square, that gave a front,
To four sides of the field.

And every man who fell inne front,
Another fill'd his place;
To shew the enemy the same
Unbroken warlike face.

One thousand of the enemy
Lay dead upon the plaine;
And Sir Amorie, that gallant chief,
Hee will never rise againe.

Not one remain'd to tell the tale,
Save the scout Montgomerie;
Who alone, of all the warlike band,
Did not disdain to flee.

Hee took the weeping children from
The hill whereon they stood;
And with rapid steps hee fled awaye
From the deadlye field of blood.

From the deadlye field of blood they fled,
Till they reach'd De Courcy's hall;
And there with sorrowing hearts relate,
His friend's untimely fall.

Oh, Sir John De Courcy then hee mourn'd,
Sir Amorie his friend;
And a bloodie curse hee vow'd on them
Who had brought him to an end.

A bloodie curse he vow'd on them
Who had wrought such dule and woe;
Who had slain two hundred gallant men,
And Sir Amorie laid lowe.

A bloodie curse he vow'd on them,
Hee hath sworn by crosse and rood—
That hee will wash his sorrow out,
Inne De Lacy's best hearte's blood.

Sir Hugh De Lacy, who had sought
De Courcy to bewray;
And Sir Amorie, to save his friend,
Hee lost his life that day.

SIR JOHN DE COURCY.

Ballade Second.

DE LACY, the King's deputy,
Hee sent a herald forth,
Proclaiming Courcy traitor foul,
By east, by west, by north.

By east, by west, by north, by south,
Whether inne deathe or life;
Reward to who his bodye takes,
By stratagem or strife.

Reward to who his bodye takes,
By stratagem or strife;
To place him inne De Lacy's hands,
Whether inne deathe or life.

Then up and spoke four serving men,
Had serv'd De Lacy long;
"There are few might meet that stalwart knight,
Hee is both stoute and stronge.

“ Sir Hugh De Lacy, there are none
To conquer him in strife;
’Tis onlye by some cunning art,
Wee may bewray his life.

“ We onlye may bewray his life,
By art and cunning skille—
Besides his powerful strength and might,
Hee weareth armour still.

“ Hee weareth armour on his breast,
And mail upon his back;
To wield a trenchant two edg’d sword,
His arm it is not slacke.

“ Save onlye—yearlye on the day
Sir Amorie was slaine;
De Courcy meets in dule and woe,
That day’s return againe.

“ That sorrowing day he walketh lone,
Inne solitude and gloom,
With manye a sigh and doleful moan,
Beside St. Laurance tomb.

“ Without a hauberk’s twisted steel,
Breastplate, or coat of mail;
Without a sword, or dagger keen,
Then treason cannot fail.

“ None ever join his lonely watch,
Save onely children twaine;
Sir Amorie St. Laurance’ sons,
Who share his dyle and pain.”

Thus spoke the traitor-serving churls,
De Lacy joy’d to heare;
And quickly furnish’d armed men,
With sword, and shield, and speare.

And when the sorrowing day was come,
De Courcy stood inne gloom,
With onely the two baby boys,
Beside St. Laurance’ tomb.

With manye a pray’r, and manye a tear,
Sir Amorie they mourne,
As they have ever since his deathe,
On that sad day’s retarne.

“Stand fast, De Courcy!” cry’d the boys,
“Stand fast, our father’s friend;
By manye a foeman we’re besette,
Our days are near an end.

“By treason foul wee are besette,
Our father’s murderers come,
With ruthlesse purpose here to laye
New victims on his tomb.”

Then sternly did De Courcy gaze
On foemen crouding round,
And firmlye atte St. Laurance’ tomb,
Hee kept his ’vantage ground.

With stalwart arm he seiz’d a crosse
Inne the church-yard where itte stooode;
A heavye crosse and quaintlye carv’d—
A ponderous block of wood.

With stalwart arm hee did uprear
This ponderous block of wood,
And soon this weapon new and strange,
Was dy’d inne churks’ blood.

The heauey crosse itte shedde their blood,
By blows with might and maine;
The thieves, they died not on the crosse,
But by the crosse were slaine.

And manye a man De Courcy slewe,
Fulle manye hee laide low;
His pow'rful arm itte never dealt
One unavailing blow.

A single unavailing blow
His arm did never make,
And but for one sad piteous deede,
Him they might never take.

They never might De Courcy foil,
Of courage proud and high;
Had hee not seen St. Laurance' sons
Inne bloode beside him lye.

"Accursed bee the cruel hand,
That did this ruthlesse deede;
Accursed bee the stony heart,
Could see those infants bleede."

Hee flunge away his weapon huge—

“Here—take De Courcy’s life;

Now nothinge left on earthe to love,

Nothing that’s worthy strife.”

They took him—for hee scorn’d to strive,

They bound him foot and hand;

They laid him inne a prison ship,

And steer’d him from the land.

They took him fetter’d from that land

Hee was never to see more;

They have landed him in bondage stronge

Upon the English shore.

To London Tower hee is sent,

For ever to abide;

“Oh, ’twere better,” thought De Courcy then,

“Farre better to have died.”

And many a year De Courcy there,

Dragg’d on a weary life;

A wearye life to him who erst

Had liv’d ’mid warre and strife.

Inne warre and strife De Courcy had
His pleasure and his pride;
Oh, 'twere better farre for such a man,
Inne battayle to have died!

'Twere better farre for to have died,
Than 'bide such heavye lotte;
A prisoner inne duranee vile,
And by the world forgot.

Aye, even by the tyrant king,
Who doom'd him to this lotte,
(For idle words, or dubious speech,)
De Courcy is forgot.

Yet stille his turn may come round:—
Itte soe befell by chance,
A warlike difference arose
'Twixt England and 'twixt France.

For Normandye the English king
With Philip had a jarre—
'Twas scarcelye worthy shedding blood
Inne fierce and general warre.

'Twas scarcelye worthy human life
As well as spending gold,
And the two Kings thought most of this—
If the truth must bee told.

Itte was agreed, each King should take
A champion on hisside,
And with whoe'er the victory laye
The Monarchs should abide.

“Now, by my halidome,” quoth King John,
“I know not where to find
A champion 'midst my courtiers all
If they are of my mind.

“My knights doe mostly, like myself,
Eschew the toils of warre ;
Wee cannot eat with mailed hand,
*Nor drink through helmet's barre.

* They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

" I wist not where I now may find
A champion stronge and tall,
Before whose prowess France's knight
And champion proud may fall."

Oh then bespoke the King's foot-page,
And kneeled on his knee;
" My liege, you have a warrior bold,
Tho' you wist not where hee bee.

" Within the tower of London lies
A bold and gallant knight;
If you can *win him* to your cause,
Hee well may *win* the fight.

" France does not hold a champion proud
To match De Courcy's power,
Even as hee is—who long hath pined
Lonelye within your tower."

' Right joyous then' King John replied,
" De Courcy shall bee free,
Restored his title, wealth and power,
If hee win that joust to mee."

“Hee shall have honours, wealth and power,
 If hee win this joust to mee,
 Wherewith I’m pledged to France’s King
 On the plaines of Normandye.

“Hee shall have wealth and power restored
 If hee win for mee this strife;
 Hee shall once more bee Ulster’s Lord
 With liberty and life.”

Then that dark-eyed page, hee hasted where
 The wearye prisoner laye,
 And with many a soft and soothing word
 His errande hee did saye.

“Not for the tyrant will I fight—”
 De Courcy fiercelye saide;
 “It were unworthy inne *his* cause
 One drop of bloode to shedde.

“One drop of knightly bloode for him
 I would not give, or shedde;
 I would not stretch this wasted hand
 To save his crowned head.

" I would not stretch this wasted arm
The Usurper's crown to save—
What *now* to mee should hee restore
Those honorus *hee* ne'er gave?

" *Hee* never gave mee wealth or pow'r—
I won them by my sword—
My *wrongs* are on my heart imprest,
His *rights*—an idle word.

" Can he restore with words as vaine
Those hearts for mee that bled ;
St. Laurance and his infant sons—
Can *hee* restore the dead?

" By murder foul his crown hee won,
It never shall bee saide
To uphold that justye forfeit crown
De Courcy lent his aide."

Then wrathful turning round about
On the pallet where hee laye,
In sullen grief hee seem'd resolv'd
No other word to saye.

The gentle page was not soe foil'd;—
With aspect sweet and mild,
He press'd De Courcy's wasted hand,
As he had been his child.

And with such tender words he try'd
That gloomy man to win,
In soothing fondness o'er him hung
As hee his child had bin.

“Not for King John I ask this boon,
Onlye for England's pride—
That country for whose welfare once
De Courcy would have died.

“When good King Richard rul'd the land
De Courcy's arm alone,
Unaided, would a bulwark form
To guard his monarch's throne.

“Stand forth, De Courcy, for the cause,
Stand forth your country's might;
And prove that England still can boast
One trewe and valiant knight.

"Oh lette it not by France bee saide
That England could not bring
One powerful arm to aide her cause
Even with a dastard King."

"And who art thou?" De Courcy saide,
Thou dark ey'd, gallant boy;
Had I a living son like thee,
Hee would have made my joy.

"Had I a living son like thee,
It would have made my pride
To train him in the battayle field,
To combat by my side."

"Alas! De Courcy, hast thou then
No child to mourn thy doom?
These five long years thou'st been consign'd
To this, a living tomb."

"No—I have none—no son of mine
Survives to strike a blow
Worthy of old De Courcy's blood,
And laye this tyrant lowe.

“ I had a daughter once—a child,
 A younge and blooming mayde ;
 Where is she now ?—even should she live,
She cannot give me aide.”

“ De Courcy, though she bee a mayde,
 Unused to warre and strife,
 Might she not hold her father deare,
 His liberty and life ?

“ Might not De Courcy's daughter feel
 The spirit of her sire ?
 Might not his sorrows and his wrongs
 A maiden's heart inspire ?

“ Behold your Sybelle atte your feet !
 Oh, father, not inne vaine
 Should bee her watchings and her feares,
 Her days and nights of paine.

“ A menial inne the tyrant's court,
 Inne sad and shameful guise,
 Your Sybelle long has sought inne vaine
 To meet her father's eyes.

“ Oh, father ! can you bid her cease
To mourn your captive thrall ?
The hour is come—extend your hand—
Obey your country’s call ! ”

“ My child ! my child ! ” De Courcy cried—
My Sybelle, thou shalt see
The worn, opprest De Courcy stand
Once more erect and free.

“ Thou shalt behold thy father free—
Free by his own right hand—
To take his birth-right place once more,
Within his native land.

“ Thou daughter of De Courcy’s race,
By mee forgotten long ;
Thou, worthy of a nobler sex—
I’ve done my Sybelle wrong.

“ I grieved to see a maiden born—
I grieved no son of mine
Should proudlŷe inne the battayle field
Uphold De Courcy’s line.

“ Look up, my Sybelle ; thou hast shewn
More spirit than thy sire ;
Look up, my Sybelle, hee has caught
Some portion of thy fire.

“ The mouldering fire within my breast
Has caught a flame from thine ;
Then dark ey'd daughter of my race,
Worthy thy noble line.

“ The fire within thy maiden breast
Shall lead De Courcy on—
And when thou bind'st my knightly spurs,
I'll dream thou art my son.”

FITTE SECOND.

THE day was come, the lists were sette,
The Champion's tents were placed,
With gay pavillions on the ground,
By fairest ladies graced.

And manye a plumed knight was there,
Whose burnished armour shone;
And the gayest of all were the royal pair,
King Philip and King John.

Oh, the gayest of all were the royal pair,
King Philip and King John;
They laugh'd to each other inne friendly glee,
And side by side rode on.

Then the reckless King of England spoke,
"Brother Philip, I'll win this fight;
And you cannot but chuse to think so too,
When you see my grim-fac'd knight.

"Hee is big of bone, and swarthy of hue,
Hee is huge inne carcasse and limbe;
The very dogs they doe runne awaye,
When they chance to look atte him.

"And the strangest thing has come to passe—
I'd a deft and a lithe foot page—
Who has left to serve me, and turn'd awaye,
With this grim knight to engage.

"Methinks 'twere a curious sight, to see
Him buckle the armour on,
With his tiny hands, to the gyant limbs
Of this fierce and big baron."

Then King Philip hee smiled, as half inne scorn,
And thought on his well tried knight;
Who had held the lists, and won honours high,
Both inne tourney and inne fight.

There are thousands gather'd on that morn,
To see what now may chance;
And whether fair Normandye bee won
By England, or by France.

There are thousands stand to see that chance,
With fixed and eager eye;
The lists are glittering in the sun,
The embroidered penons fly.

Aloft the embroidered pennons fly,
The trumpet sounds "to horse;"
Then France's champion issues forth,
To ride his destin'd course.

Inne truth he seem'd of warlike port,
A well appointed knight;
His plume it flutter'd on the breeze,
His armour glitter'd bright.

Graceful hee rode around the lists,
Bowing to each fair dame;
And loud King Philip's friends they cheer'd,
And call'd the champion's name.

Saint Dennis, France's patron Saint,
With cheers and plaudits loud,
Was mingled with the champion's name,
By half the assembled croud.

And where was England's champion then?—
Retir'd within his tent;
Nor did hee deign to give reply,
To manye a message sent.

Oh loudly then king John he storm'd,
Impatiently did fret—
But alle inne vain his angry words,
No answer could hee get.

No answer would De Courcy give,
But when itte pleas'd his will ;
And then hee said, "Goe tell the king,
Some blood I have to spille.

"If 'twas his blood was to bee spilt,
Such haste hee would not make ;
So lette him fume, and lette him chafe,
My time I chuse to take.

"And lette that feather'd champion shew
His plumage inne the sun—
The croud may sing a different cheer
Before the day bee done."

Then forth from out his tent hee paced
Alle armed save the head,
And grimmlye, grimmlye, on the kings
Hee turn'd his visage dread.

And sternlye, sternlye on the knight,
Hee bent his brows soe black—
The champion started inne affright,
And rein'd his courser back.

On the faire shoulder of his page
De Courcy lean'd his hand—
The page smiled atte that gyant grasp,
As 'twere a silken band.

The page smiled atte that gyant grasp,
As 'twere a silken band;
And gaz'd with loving eye upon
The huge and iron hand.

King Philip's champion did *not* smile,
But still rein'd back his horse,
As hee saw De Courcy's squire lead
A charger on the course.

That charger was both thick and stronge,
To bear De Courcy's weight;
With heart and breast defended well
With barded iron plate.

Slowlye De Courcy mounted him,
But ere he helm'd his head,
Once more on France's faltering knight,
Hee turn'd his visage dread.

"Enough is done—the field is won—"

The page now laughing saide,

"With little trouble, toil, or care—

Father, your foe has fled!

"For ever from your sight has fled—

Your craven champion's gone;

An easy and a bloodless field

Your *frown* this day hath won!"

Philip of France, and English John,

Inne wonder and amaze,

Atte this soe strangelye ended fight—

Did on each other gaze.

"Now by my hallidome," quoth John,

"Your champion's quickly scared;

Though of De Courcy's prowess much

Inne former days I've heard.

"But *this* surpasseth all the tales

I ever have been told;

Though soothe to saye, I cannot think

Your champion *ever* bold."

King Philip was not too well pleas'd
With this adventure's end;
But since hee had a province lost
Hee thought hee'd keep a friend.

So smiling inne a courtlye guise,
Hee turn'd him to the tent,
Towards which De Courcy (now unarm'd,)
His steps had slowlye bent.

"My brother John," hee said, "wee praye
You to entreat your knight,
(Since wee have lost inne manner strange,
The honour of the fight,)

"Wee praye you to entreat your knight
To shew some 'tours de force,'
Whose *semblance* caused our champion try
The fleetness of his horse.

"We've lost a province—and some sport,
And earned some disgrace;
This valiant knight should now make good
The terrors of his *face*.

“That frown which scared our trusty knight,
Does wond’rous power portend;
That power we must intreat him prove,
(Always as friend ’twixt friend.)”

Beside the lists, a stake did grow,
Of hard and solid wood,
Which (if itte had been left alone,)
For ages might have stood.

On this they hang a suit complete
Of polish’d armour bright;
A cuirass, breast-plate, helm and shield,
Would well become a knight.

Inne joyous mood the sovereigns stood,
Well pleased with mickle glee;
And alle De Courcy’s scorn forgave,
If they some sport might see.

If they can while the day inne sport,
They care not what itte bee;
To slaye a man—or split a stake,
With equal pleasure see.

De Courcy bent his awful brow,
And glared his fiery eye
With little reverence for their state,
As hee each King pass'd bye.

As hee pass'd bye, that ireful look
On either King he glared,
Which had already won the day,
When Philip's knight itte scar'd.

Hee drew a huge two-handed sword,
Was five feet long, or more;
Had the blow hee dealt been on living head,
The owner had never spoke more.

He split the helmet crest inne twaine,
Gorget and breast-plate cleft;
And deeplye buried inne the stake,
The good sword he has left.

"Now draw itte forth," hee grimlye saide,
"Now draw itte forth who can;
Hee who draws forth that trusty blade,
I hold him for a man.

"I hold him a fit man to stand
By John De Courcy's side;
But speed whate'er you have to doe,
No longer here I'll 'bide.

"Release me now—to sette me free
Your word is pledg'd, King John—
For England I've won Normandye,
My task is fairlye done."

"Your task is done," the King replied;
"To that alle must agree;
But onlye answer me one word,
And then you shall bee free.

"Why did you look soe grimlye on
The King of France and mee?—
Come—telle the truth now," quoth King John,
"And then you shall bee free."

"I'll speak the truth," De Courcy saide,
"No man e'er heard *mee* lie;
I would have made your caitiff head
From off your shoulders fly,

"If I had miss'd my blow—enough,
This place is not for mee;
Usurper as you are, your word
Is pledg'd to sette mee free.

"You've pledg'd your word to this faire girl,
My daughter, (once your page,)
To sette mee free, that she may tend
My now declining age."

"Well—go thy way then," cried King John,
As hee laugh'd inne mickle glee;
"I balance thy rude words against
The service thou'st done mee."

For this account of Sir John De Courcy, see
Doctor Hanmer's "Chronicles of Ireland."

THE COMET.

"Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an Island of rest;
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain.

• • • • •

Who deems that he watches afloat on the wave
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?"

"MAMA, mama!" cried little Harry Leader to his mother one morning, at breakfast; "do you know that my cousin Jeannie can swim?"

"Indeed!" replied Mrs Leader; "and I conclude, Harry, from your tone and manner in announcing this fact, that you deem swimming rather a singular accomplishment for a lady."

"Oh yes, mama," continued Harry, "I *do* think it is very queer, because I never saw only men swim—like papa, and uncle James, and cousin Tom; but Jeannie, I saw her this very morning, go out far, far to the end of the rocks, and jump out into the sea, where it was *so* deep, and then swim on shore—quite well, as any one—as well as you could, papa."

"Is this strange accusation, which Harry has preferred against you, very accurate, Jean?" said Mr Leader, addressing his wife's niece, a pretty, fair, delicate-looking girl, with light hair, a slender figure, and a particularly soft countenance and feminine appearance.

"Pretty nearly, uncle," replied Jean, laughing; "I must confess to the fact, for from having lived mostly at my father's country house on the banks of our beautiful Firth of Clyde, and being accustomed to bathe from childhood, I have always been very fearless in the water, which is, I believe, the principal point in swimming, as well as in riding on horseback; courage being the first, second, and third requisite in both of these accomplishments."

"Well," replied her uncle, "I fancy you are in the right; besides, there is not such a wonderful mystery in the art of swimming as ladies are inclined to imagine; and (notwithstanding Harry's indignation at having his masculine privileges invaded) it is rather an illiberal prejudice in our sex, the seeking to exclude yours from that, or from any other healthful recreation, which you may have the courage to practice."

"Truly," said Jean, "I do not see why you lords of the creation should make a monopoly of so delightful an amusement; and Harry, since the black women, in the account of Africa which you were reading yesterday, *all* swim, you really must allow the same privilege, at least, to *some* of the white ones," she continued, as she turned her very fair, and bright smiling countenance towards the pier glass, in order to tye on her bonnet.

"Right, Jean," said her aunt; "and I advise you to continue your aquatic sports whilst the weather permits, in defiance of Harry and all other monopolists."

"Particularly," added her uncle, "since the exercise of swimming does not appear to have had the least effect in darkening your complexion, notwithstanding its approximation to the blacky habits."

"I do declare, cousin Jean," said Harry, pertinaciously adhering to his first opinion, "you deserve to be shipwrecked some day, if it were only just to prove how well you can swim."

"Oh! Harry," said his mother, "that is a heavy denunciation, and I fear poor Jeannie

would find her sportive acquirement of very little use on such an occasion; I doubt much that her address, and her courage also, would totally desert her under so awful a catastrophe; however, Harry, the best way to avoid shipwreck will be to keep Jean here in Ireland, and not to suffer her to go home to Scotland any more."

"Thank you, my dear aunt," said Jean; "I assure you I am most willing to pay you a long, very long visit; but still," she added, a bright blush suffusing the whole of her fair face, "I hope I may live to revisit Scotland some time or other."

Thus saying, she kissed her aunt affectionately, and taking Harry by the hand, they ran off together to the flower garden, to gather flowers for the purpose of fresh filling the china bowls on the drawing-room tables; there being a large company expected to dinner on that day, at Merton Lodge, Killiney, the summer residence of Jean's uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs Leader.

Whilst Jean and Harry were arranging the dahias, carnations, and cardinal flowers in their basket, Mr Leader lounging about his fields, from time to time surveying the fishing boats in

the bay with his telescope, and Mrs Leader in deep consultation with her cook, we shall take the opportunity of giving our readers some further particulars concerning these, the speakers in the foregoing conversation, and especially respecting the fair young lady who is to be the heroine of the present tale.

Jean Munroe, the daughter of a wealthy Glasgow merchant, had lost her mother while she was yet an infant, and had been brought up by her father with the most lavish indulgence of every wish, until she was nearly sixteen, when he married a second wife—a person who bore the character of being highly religious, and very proper and correct; but one of those “unco good and rigidly righteous,” who, although they cannot absolutely “swallow a camel,” are exceedingly inclined to “strain at a gnat.”

From the hour in which this ill-omened marriage took place, all went wrong with the luckless Jean; who, soft, well tempered, and affectionate as she was, had nevertheless been accustomed, in her own little coaxing way, to rule the whole house—papa, aunt, nurse, &c. Her aunt, to whom she was much attached, had been mar-

ried about two years before to Mr Leader, an Irish barrister; and the loss of this beloved relation was still more severely felt by the motherless Jean, when her place was filled by another, (and oh how unlike!) than even when it was vacant.

The newly married lady set to work, ere the honey-moon had expired, to reform the whole household; Miss Jean and her nurse more especially.

Now it is perfectly possible that a moderate reform on some points might have been advisable, but Mrs Munroe seemed very much inclined to strain the string until it was ready to break.

The old gentleman himself, the softness of whose character went a little beyond mere "bon-hommie," and bordered on absolute weakness, was shocked at the representations made by his new lady of the awful state of insubordination to which his establishment was reduced, from the very slack hand with which he had hitherto held the reins of authority.

It was in vain that he declared there had been nothing wherewith to find fault under the jurisdiction of his sister; "she was so very ami-

able, and every one seemed so happy;" and his darling Jean, how could *she* do wrong?

"Eh, gudeman," said the lady, "ken ye no that the puir lassie is in an awfu' state o' reprobation; forbye ye'er ainsel' too—what for are ye speering aboot gude temper and kind heartedness, an' sic like daft cantrips?—ken ye no that she, an' ye'er ainsel', are a' the mair cast awa' for what ye ca' ye'er *gude* qualities, when ye hae no a glimpse o' saving grace; puir sackless blinded sinners that ye are."

"Yes, yes, dame," said the worthy merchant, rubbing his forehead, settling his wig, and looking somewhat puzzled, "I ken weel we're a' puir sinners an' inclined to self-indulgence—an—an—but then, when we try, to the best o' our abeelity, to do our duty to God, an' to our neighbours, an' follow the gate tauld us by the commandments, an' are in love an' charity wi' a' the world, an' gang about the country doin' gude, like my Jeannie—"

"Ou ay, an' jump up, an' leave aff readin' in the Bible, an' expounding the Scriptures like a Christian, till run hither an' thither carryin' claithe till auld bed-rid women, an' thriftless

young weans, as ye'er lassie Jean does, givin' to the puir an' hungry, jist whae she speers want maist, an' no seekin' out the redeemed Christians an' the elect o' the Lord; an' no keepin' a' her sparin's for the spread o' the gospel, an' the help o' its true an' faithfu' servants, who are born again, an' in a state o' salvation through the grace o' the new light; I saw her, my ainsel', gainsay a sma' contribution towards uphauding the preachin' o' the pious and godly Dr Dinmiers, because she had gi'en awa' a' her pocket money till buy food and claites for a starvin' an' naked family frae *Ireland*; papists, idolaters—followers o' the scarlet leddy o' *Babylon*."

"Vera wrang o' Jeannie indeed," said her husband, humbly; "she should hae come and speered at me for mair siller till subscribe till the preachment, which I hae na' doubt was vera edeefying—but ye ken, Sally dear, she could na but gie food and claites till the puir bodies—'gin they were in want—"

"No help gie'in food an' claites!" screamed his gentle helpmate; "no help gie'in food an' claites till reprobates, an' wandering vagabon'

chiefs, when the elect o' the Lord were seekin' wherewith to help them on in the way o' salvation—in the pathway o' the chosen—she had fitter hae gi'en the carnal seekers a copy o' the Holy Bible, an' sent them till feed their souls wi' the bread o' life, hearkening till the exhortations o' the pious Dr Dinmicears."

At this moment, and before the puzzled and confused father could think of any excuse to offer to the irritated step-mother in behalf of his erring child—guilty of the high crime and misdemeanour of indulging her feelings of compassion and benevolence towards some whose religious creed might not be perfectly orthodox, the youthful culprit came running in, her clear blue eyes swimming in tears.

"Oh! papa, papa! a terrible accident has happened—a poor bricklayer has fallen from the top of a house and broken his leg; my cousin Duncan is away to set the leg, and he says it is a very bad fracture—and the poor wife is down below crying so—oh, papa! give me some money for her—mine is all spent; quick, give me plenty, papa, they will want to get so many things to make him comfortable."

“Yes, my darling, yes ; to be sure, ye shall hae plenty,” cried her father, slipping both hands into his capacious pockets ; “but, Jeannie, love, your mother here says, we ought stop read the Bible afore we gi’e charity—that is, we should consider an’ read, an’ Sally, my dear” turning to his wife, “what is it we ought consider before we help a puir body?”

“I can’t stop now to consider or read anything,” cried Jean, gathering up her apron with the handfuls of money which her father had thrown into her lap whilst he was speaking, and only staying to give him a hasty kiss of thanks, she was off again before the indignant step-mother had found words in which to vent her rising wrath, at this which she called indiscriminate wastefulness of the gifts of the Lord, which she said had been placed in their hands for other and better purposes than to be flung right and left to every beggar who came and asked.

“There’s ye’re amiable, weel disposed, an’ kind-hearted daughter, Mr Munroe,” she said at length when she found breath for utterance; “flinging awa’ ye’r property on a broken legged beggar-man, that has no, I fear, the light o’ the gos-

pel, or the grace o' the Lord afore his eyes ; and next she'll be for throwin' awa' her ainsel' on that ne'er-do-weel cousin, Duncan Campbell, wi' out a bawbie in his pouch, forbye he's reared up to that profane free-thinking profession—surgeons, that are a' speerin' an' pryin', an' seekin' for knowledge, that's no to be found in the Bible at a'."

"Eh, dear," said Munroe, "an' that's a pity, too ; for surgeons are gayan usefu' till us puir bodies, that are here to-day an' gane to-morrow ; an' ye see, Sally dear, 'gin Duncan had naspeered at ony book but the Bible, and no ever heard ony lectures but frae Dr Dinmiears, he could no hae set this puir bodie's leg that my Jeannie's in sic a trouble about—an'" after a pause, "for the rest o' what ye said—why she's but a child still ; an' Duncan's a gude, and a kind, and a bonnie lad, an' my ain sister's son—but then my Jeannie, wi' her sweet an' bonnie face, an' her fifty thousand pounds that I can tell her doon on her marriage day—why—she might be lookin' till Mac Cullamore his ainsel, (only he's married), for there's no' a grand or rich body that might na be proud till ca' my Jeannie his ain—I'll no

mean to say that Duncan's no a gude lad an' a cannie too, an' cured my rheumatizes."

"Na, na, gudeman, ye canna afford till be gie'en yer daughter Jean till a thriftless body like hersel'—a' rinnin herean' there, wi' his han' in his pouch gi'en out the siller, an' no' mindin' the gatherin' in the fee pennies—jist till hae them, when a's spent and gane, come rinnin' till ye for mair, mair—an' as to the fifty thousand, why it *might* be her portion, gin she was yer ainly child—but set in case the Lord was to bless ye wi' a mair numerous progeny—ye could na spare *her* sic a gran' tocher."

"A-hem," said the poor man, looking doubtingly on the sharp-elbowed, thin-lipped, blue-nosed virago, who had in an evil hour persuaded him that it was for the good of his soul to take her for an helpmate, "The Lord's will be done," he added, after a pause, with an air of resignation; "but Sally, dear, ye ken that gin we should na hae ony mair weans, a' will go to Jeannie darling, an' weel she'll ken hoo till spend it—that is," he continued, checking himself; "when she gets a thocht more experience an' steadiness till mind

yer advice—an' to sit mair quiet at her Bible—puir wee thing, she's o'er young, an' canna bide to stay still."

The constant repetition of such conversations, and such schooling, nearly wore out the patience of both father and daughter without producing much effect, at least on the latter—and only helping to confuse the naturally somewhat cloudy intellect of the unhappy husband. He never could be made to comprehend the strange doctrine "that acting *morally right* from good impulse and good feeling was *therefore wrong*—and how relieving the poor, from the simple and implanted germ of pure compassion, and the wish to benefit *them*, was sinful, and "an abomination in the sight of the Lord," and that the only proper motive or feeling with which one should be actuated, when relieving the distresses of others, is that of serving *one's-self* alone, or in other and more technical parlance, "for the good of your own soul."

In the meanwhile years sped on, and the young loves of Jean and her cousin Duncan Campbell sped on their way also; and as Mr and Mrs Munroe were not blessed with any off-

spring, to the lady's great disappointment, the fifty thousand pounds still remained in prospect for the pretty Jean; and though her fond father, holding her on his knee, often lectured her on the prudence and propriety of choosing a wealthy partner—he would, notwithstanding, stretch out his hand to Duncan Campbell, from behind his chair, and give him a kind and encouraging pressure, taking care, however, to choose a time when the lady's back was turned.

One day Duncan found Jean in an arbour at the end of the garden, weeping bitterly.

“What is the matter, my angel?” he exclaimed; “what has that confounded (pardon me for swearing) old hag said to you now?”

“Oh, Duncan,” cried the sobbing girl, “my dear old Vigil, whom you and I reared from a puppy—he is to be banished, only just for growling a little at that horrid nuisance, Dr Dinmiers.”

“I wish from my soul that he had bitten him; it would have been no more than the odious, hypocritical, canting wretch deserves,” said Duncan, wrathfully; “had I been within hearing

I would have desired the dog to do so, and Vigil always obeys orders."

"But, Duncan, this is no subject for jesting—our poor Vigil is to be sent off to-morrow by the carter to Edinburgh—or perhaps," said Jean, bursting afresh into tears, "something worse may be intended, and he is now tied up with a chain—a thing which was never done before; though, Mrs Munroe (I cannot give her the name of mother, though I never knew my own,) always tormented me about him, and said it was sinful to make so much of a brute without a soul—but if he has no soul, poor fellow, I am quite sure he has a heart—which is more than *she* can boast of."

"My dearest love," said Duncan, caressingly, "this can be only a threat to tease you—it is impossible your father would ever suffer her to injure or drive away his own favourite, as well as yours."

"Oh! Duncan, you can have no idea of her power over my father—she does as she pleases with him—yet, assuredly, her influence must spring from *fear*; it cannot be from *love*, beyond all doubt."

At this period of the conversation, it was interrupted by the appearance of Mr and Mrs Munroe coming slowly down the garden-walk—the old gentleman seemed much discontented, and was busily engaged in biting the end of his cane : he looked as angry as *he* could look—on the lady's brow a storm had gathered, black and portentous.

“So! Miss Munroe,” she began; “there’s yer ill-favoured pet, that ye hae trained in ilka waywardness like till yer ainsel,—the dour beast was near till finish the hale o’ his, and yer iniquities (I threep when I think o’ the awfu’ catastrophe) he was near till hae worried the pious and godly Dr Dinmiears, as he was proceeding hitherwards till preach the gospel o’ Peace, an’ sing hymns o’ consolation till the elect and fu’ o’ grace, a’ assembled in my parlour, hungerin’ and thirstin’ for the soun’ o’ his blessed voice—when, oh! horror of horrors, we were alarmed by hearin’ it raised in awfu’ an’ heart-rending cries for help—an’ rushin’ out to his assistance, foun’ the holy man breathless an’ fit till expire in terror an’ affright—an’ the unkempt monster barkin’ an’ growlin’ within less

than ten yards o' the reverend an' pious preacher."

Here Duncan and Jean, the tears of the latter having gradually dried up during this recital, burst into a most uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Laughter is not considered as a sign of wisdom under any circumstances; and certainly, in this instance, it was an unusually foolish indulgence, and did not ultimately produce much mirth to the young couple, who had found their risible faculties so irresistibly excited by this solemn detail of the terrors endured by Mrs Munroe's favourite preacher—her fury seemed to issue in electric sparks from every part of her face and figure. "Hush, darling Jeannie! hush, Duncan my canty man—eh, dears, winna ye be guided—its awfu' till hae ye baith aggravatin' her sae," whispered the agitated old man, as he vainly endeavoured to quiet the obstreperous laughers

"What matter, Sir, what matter how much we provoke her?" said Duncan, aloud, and with some indignation of manner. "If you stand by us, what harm can she do?—and surely you will not suffer that fine animal, who is so much attached to Jean, to be banished only for bark.

ing at, and frightening a cowardly hypocritical swaddler. Vigil just did his duty, and no more, in trying to keep all such pests from the house ; pity he did not eat him outright—only so nauseous a morsel would have sickened the poor dog.”

“And you know, papa,” cried Jean, eagerly, “Vigil never bites, but then he hates all bad, ill-natured, treacherous people, and is particularly acute in discovering such—you remember the man, whom he hunted off the grounds the other day, turned out, on our making enquiry, to have been a thief and a pickpocket?”

“Hush, dearie, hush—eh, sirs, that ye winna be guided.”

“Ye world’s hirelings,” said the old lady, advancing with a stately step, and waving her hand with a tragedy air. “Carnal seekers, whited sepulchres, that are fair to see, an a’ filth an’ rottenness within—for as the crackling o’ thorns under a pot, so is the laughter o’ the fule—the unclean beast shall depart—the beast that came as a rampagin’ an’ a roarin’ lion even against the Lord’s elect, against the redeemed frae sin—therefore will I no spare the doomed

one, neither will I hae pity; though ye cry in my ears yet will I no hear ye—the land is desolate, and the fulness thereof, by the noise of his roaring—the sword is sharpened—yea, even against the fat bull o’ Basan it is sharpened, to give into the hand of the slayer—should ye then make mirth?—”

“Certainly not,” interrupted Duncan, indignantly; “and though *you*, madam, may call it religion thus to interlard your discourse with broken sentences and misplaced phrases from the Bible, I should give it a very different name; and though your threats may be a jest, yet—”

“A jest!” she exclaimed; “nae jest, as ye shall fin’. Gudeman,” addressing her dismayed partner, “gang awa’ and fetch a rope frae yer ain warehouse; an’ ye suld hae the hanging o’ the wicked dog that compassed aboot the chosen, were ye nae sic a puir fizenless body that ye could nae hauld the bloody beast o’ prey at the woodie.”

“Oh, papa, papa!” cried Jean, clinging to her father; “will you, can you suffer this?”

“Eh, Miss Munroe! ye are wailing for yer

unkempt favorite," said the step-mother: "an' care no' a boddle for the scaring an' hurrying o' the precious man, that was trembling even as a bird o' Egypt, as a dove out o' the land o' Assyria, before the beast that has the teeth o' a great lion—come awa', gudeman, come awa', ye shall haud the rope yer ainsel', even for encouraging thae twa young graceless reprobates in their blasphemous impiety—laughin' an' jeerin' at the awfu' danger an' jeopardy o' the pious, precious, an' reverend preacher o' the new light."

She seized upon the arm of her unresisting and dismayed husband, dragging him along, whilst Jean, no longer inclined to laugh, hung weeping and expostulating on the other side.

Duncan had disappeared,—having sprung over a hedge, and away round to the back of the house by a green lane, which led to the offices and stables.

Of course, when the more slowly moving party had reached the house, neither Duncan nor Vigil were to be found, and it was equally of course that not one of the servants would acknowledge to having seen either man or dog, or to knowing what had become of them.

Jean breathed more freely—she was contented to have the safety of her favourite ensured by his absence ; and Duncan found means to convey a note to her on the same evening (not daring to appear himself,) informing her that he had entrusted Vigil to a friend of his, who was going on a tour to the Lakes of Killarney, and who had promised to take every care of so fine an animal until such time as his young mistress could recall him once more under her own roof—and until he (Duncan) had “ his ain roof tree” to cover both, it was safer and more prudent for Vigil to be sent altogether out of the country, as the most inveterate search was being made for him, by emissaries employed by Mrs Munroe, and the pious, godly, and reverend teacher and preacher of the new light, in which doctrine (as held by them,) charity, humanity, and forgiveness of injuries, seem to be omitted.

The time, however, when Duncan Campbell and Jean Munroe should have the “trigging of their own home,” appeared now to be referred to an indefinite period. Mrs Munroe’s animosity towards the young people grew more inveterate

every day. Vigil's misconduct, and the consequent scene in the garden, rankled in her mind; poor Jean was an absolute martyr to her ill-treatment; and Duncan was completely banished.

The old man was half broken-hearted to see his beloved child drooping under this continued system of barbarity, whilst he had not energy to put an end to it at once, by turning the virago out of the house.

At length, a new subject of persecution arose—Mrs Munroe, despairing of being able to get more than a few thousands out of the fifty intended for Jean's portion, into the hands of her favourite preacher, by means of subscriptions, &c. determined, by a bold stroke, to give him lawful and undisputed possession of the whole, by delivering into his hands the hapless Jean for a wife, which would not only ensure the money to her favourite, but for ever deprive the hated Duncan both of his mistress and her fortune.

Here, however, this "truly religious and righteous" lady, over-rated, a little, her own powers; for this desperate scheme aroused the

tender father to something like an effort, and much as it cost him to deprive himself of his only remaining comfort in the society of his beloved child, he determined to allow of her accepting her aunt Mrs Leader's often repeated invitation, to go and spend some time in Ireland.

With heavy hearts, and floods of tears, the father and daughter parted—poor Jean was obliged to submit, great as was the sorrow of separation, in order to avoid a worse evil—and her regrets were lessened, and her courage strengthened, by a specimen of the reverend and pious Dr Dinmear's style of love-making, chiefly composed of quotations from the Song of Solomon; to which her step-mother compelled her to listen. Poor Mr Munroe had a confused kind of consciousness that, "it was all his own fault;" and, when he parted from his daughter, it was with a promise that, "some time or other," he would try to persuade Mrs Munroe to go on a prolonged visit to her relations, and leave the house clear for the return of his beloved child.

On Duncan Campbell's feelings on this oc-

casian we need not expatiate—absorbed in the pursuit of his profession, he never turned his steps, or even his eyes, towards the house that had once held all that which he most loved on earth, and now only contained (excepting his poor weak uncle) all that which he most detested.

When Jean had been for some months residing with her affectionate aunt, our story opens in October, 1825, with our young heroine swimming amongst the rocks in the beautiful bay of Killiney, near Dublin. With her aunt her naturally cheerful disposition recovered its tone—she was there, notwithstanding her separation from her father and from her lover, at least comparatively happy—she knew that the separation would only be temporary, since the latter was, from his abilities, very likely to succeed in his lucrative profession, and would assuredly claim her hand as soon as he had realized a competence wherewith to support her—for of the promised fifty thousand they had now but faint hopes, as they suspected that Mrs Munroe, although foiled in one scheme, might succeed in

some other, and that, at all events, she certainly contrived to draw largely on her weak husband's funds, for the maintenance of crowds of missionaries, and wandering fanatics, who swarmed incessantly in the house.

At the dinner party given at Merton Lodge, Killiney, on the evening of the day when our heroine was first introduced to the reader, were two or three strangers, who, being unacquainted with either her name or her country, conversed, without reserve, respecting Scotland, and circumstances connected with it—their remarks rather amused Mrs Leader and Jean for some time; at last one of them said—

“Apropos of Glasgow—a sad accident happened there a few days ago. I read the account in this morning's paper. At some conventicle, or prayer meeting of the saints there, to collect money for the conversion of the Jews in Poland, the room was so over-crowded that the floor gave way, and many persons were dug out of the ruins dangerously hurt—one of the name of Munroe was killed—ha!—look to the young lady there!—good heavens! what is the matter?”

Jean had fainted—the room was in confusion—water was thrown on her face; but it was some time after her recovery ere her aunt could persuade her that her alarm respecting her father was probably unfounded; it being much more likely to be Mrs than Mr Munroe who had been at the fatal meeting. Still there was strong ground for apprehension, since the lady had the habit of dragging her husband with her to every place where subscriptions were to be collected.

The gentleman who had so carelessly told the news of the day could not recollect whether the person who had been killed belonged to the masculine or feminine gender; and it was not for many hours, until a newspaper had been procured from Dublin, distant about seven miles, that Jean's fears were discovered to be without foundation—it was her step-mother who had been killed.

A few days brought letters both from Duncan Campbell and from Mr Munroe. We can dispense with that of the lover—her father's was as follows:—

“Oh my darling Jeannie!—God has been pleased, in his infinite mercy—praised and blessed be his name for a’ gude things—till tak’ puir dear Sally till himself, and till leave me a disconsolate widower, an’ able till send for my darling child hame again till her auld father, wha loves her aboon a’ earthly things. An’ no doot puir Sally is a wee easier in her mind noo than she was used to be ava—she takin’ sma’ pleasure in this warld, forbye prayin’ an’ feastin’ wi’ Dr Dinmiears, an’ denouncin’ a’ folks that were no gay till follow his preachments; for she thought it ower sinfu’ till gather ony o’ the flowers which the Almighty has been pleased, in his infinite goodness, till spread out for our enjoyment in this beautiful warld, which she held o’ no account, only for frettin’ an’ vexin’ her ainsel’ and others: an’ hopin’ that she may be happier noo, as I am at this present writing—I remain, my dearest darling—trusting that ye winna lose ony time in coming hame till yer loving father,

“A. MUNROE.

“*Glasgow, Oct. 12, 1825.*

“P.S. Duncan is wi’ me noo, and vera kind,

puir lad, as ever—and I tellt him till write till his friend till send Vigil hame again.”

To this epistle Jean immediately returned the following answer :—

“ My dearest Father,—I mean to sail on Wednesday next, in the steamer, for Greenock; and if you will come down from Glasgow to your country-house on the banks of Clyde, and meet me, your happy, thrice happy Jean, will be in her dear father’s arms soon after twelve o’clock on Thursday night.

“ Oh, my dearest father ! I heard, or I fancied that I heard, it was *you* who had been killed : nor have I yet recovered from the agonies which I endured, and shall not, I think, until you once more press to your heart your own

“ JEAN.

“ *Merton Lodge, Oct. 15, 1825.*”

We must now return to Mr Munroe and his nephew, Duncan Campbell. This last did not even pretend to feel decorously shocked at the

catastrophe which had deprived the world of the delectable Mrs Munroe—releasing her worthy, simple, single-hearted husband from his thralldom, and giving to both him and Duncan the prospect of peace and happiness once more in the society of their beloved Jean.

“What a delightful night!” said Duncan to his uncle, as they sat at an open window in Mr Munroe’s villa, on the night of the 20th of October: “how singularly warm for the season, and how still and calm the air!—Jean will enjoy her sail up the river to-night.”

“E’en sae,” replied Mr Munroe; “but I doubt my Jeannie is wearying ower sair till be on shore an’ wi’ us, Duncan, till mind the fine sights on the river—forbye it’s too dark till see ony thing ava noo; an’ as ye say, there’s no a breath o’ win’ to help them on ’gin they war till pit up a sail—but it’s a’ ingines noo, and I jalouse thae new-fangled things ’ill let them win here afore mornin’. I dinna see ony lights aboon the river,” he added, stepping out on the balcony, which commanded a fine reach of the Clyde; the house standing on a bold bluff, or wooded

bank, in the hollow of an abrupt turn of the stream. "Awa', Duncan, my bonnie man, till the bank, an speer at the boatmen;—there suld be some inklin' o' the steamer-boat soon."

When Duncan proceeded to the boat-house at the bottom of the lawn, the men in waiting told him there was as yet no sign of the homeward-bound packet—the outward-bound had passed about half-an-hour back. Whilst they were speaking, and commenting as to whether the so anxiously expected vessel ought or ought not to have been in sight before the then hour of the night—or rather, morning, since it was long past twelve o'clock—a boy from the hamlet situated about half a mile lower down on the river came running towards them, quite out of breath.

"Eh, sirs!—Maister Doctor Campbell—Luckie Saunderson sent me till fetch ye wi' a' speed—till a mad leddy."

"A mad lady!—and what on earth can I do for a mad lady?" said the annoyed Duncan. "Who is she?—how very provoking to be called away at this moment!—and most likely on some nonsensical fool's errand."

"Na na, I'se na fule, nor Luckie Saunderson neither," replied the boy. "The leddy's sair demented, an' the mickle black de'il ahint her—an a' the lave's drooned."

"Who do you speak of?—who has been drowned?" said Duncan, turning hastily towards the puzzle-pated speaker.

"Eh, sirs! ye see a's drooned—the Ayr was ower muckle for the Comet, an' swallowed it up, and a's drooned."

"The air o'er much for the comet, and swallowed it up!" said Duncan, looking towards the sky, as if he expected to view there the phenomena described. "Why, boy, it is you who seem to be demented."

"Na, na, sir," said the boy, in an affronted tone; "it's the leddy's demented her ainsel—an' she's lyin' a' drooned on Luckie's best chintz bed, an's got a muckle black tyke, Lord save us—as muckle as a sax month's quey, up beside her on Luckie's best quilt—an' he a' dreepin' wi' saut water an' sea-weed—an' there she's huggin' him, an' greetin', an' winna let her wat claithes be taken aff ava; and 'gin ye winna come ben,

why I'se awa' till fetch anither doctor frae the toon."

"A most extraordinary story!" said Duncan. "I must go down and see what is the matter; and Jamie," turning to the boatman, "do you send me word to Luckie Saunderson's the moment the packet comes in sight."

He walked rapidly towards the "hostellerie" at the little village before mentioned; thinking that the sooner he arrived there, the sooner he could return to his watch; and inwardly wishing that the lady, whoever she might be, had reserved her insanity for some more convenient opportunity.

Arrived at Luckie Saunderson's, he was immediately ushered into "the best inn's best room"—a small, but tolerably clean apartment; where, on the individual chintz bed and quilt, described (and its injuries so pathetically lamented) by the boy, lay the slight figure of a young girl, dressed in white, and evidently just taken out of the water—her long wet hair clinging to her face and neck; whilst close beside her, on the bed, lay an enormous black New-

foundland dog, around whom her arms were thrown, and who was fondly licking her cold hands, and caressing her with his huge paws. The dog raised his head on Duncan's entrance; but, without moving from his position, acknowledged acquaintance by a joyous whimper, and a prodigious thumping of his large bushy tail against the side of the bed.

Dimly as the little apartment was lighted, by a single tallow candle, one instant sufficed for Duncan to recognize the figures before him—they were Jean and Vigil.

* * * * *

A few days had elapsed, after Jean's restoration to the quiet and comfort of her father's house, before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to give a regular and detailed account of the dreadful occurrence which took place on the night of the 20th of October, or rather on the morning of the 21st, when the two steam-boats, the Ayr and the Comet, came in collision in the Frith of Clyde; when the latter, on which Jean was on board, was run down and sunk.

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Seated on a sofa, between her father and her lover, her back supported by down cushions and innumerable pillows—with the fond and faithful Vigil at her feet, looking up in her face from time to time, as if he understood the subject matter of the conversation, and was conscious of being himself the hero of the tale—Jean Munroe commenced the strange relation of her past peril and most marvellous escape:—

“When I bade farewell to my dear friends in Ireland,” she said, “my aunt and little Harry accompanied me on board, and shed many tears at parting. Harry clung around my neck, and said, ‘Oh, dear Jeannie, mind if you are shipwrecked, that you will be sure to swim back to Ireland, and never leave us any more for that cold Scotland, where it’s always raining or snowing.’ ‘I believe, Harry,’ I replied, ‘that I may safely make even so marvellous a promise—there seeming small likelihood of shipwreck under such a sky, and on so glassy a sea;’ so I said, and so, in my worldly blindness, I thought—but I had yet an awful lesson to learn.

“There were many passengers on board the

Comet besides myself; but I was too much absorbed in my own thoughts, and anticipations of the approaching hour of meeting with those whom I loved best on earth, [here Donald pressed the hand which he held clasped in his] to give much attention to my fellow-voyagers. There were two, indeed, whose youth, beauty, and dignified appearance, could not fail to interest every one who beheld them; as also the circumstances in which they were placed, and the relation which they bore to each other—they were a bridegroom and his three days' bride. They had been united, and death did not part them—they had just sworn to cleave unto each other, and they kept that dear and sacred oath—they went down clasped in each other's arms.—But I anticipate.

“Besides this interesting couple, there was a person on board whom I could not help remarking exactly, because he seemed most particularly anxious to avoid my observation:—he was rolled in a large watch-coat, with the cape pulled up so as to cover all the lower part of his face, whilst his hat was so close over his brows that

nothing could be seen but a pair of dully twinkling eyes, with a sinister expression, which I could not help fancying I had seen before in some of those wretched fanatics who were perpetually prowling about this house some years ago;—this man walked incessantly on the forward part of the deck, and seemed to watch me when he thought my attention was directed to any other object; and from time to time he stopped before a large bulk-head, from whence issued the low whining cry of a dog that was tied up inside. I felt sure the tone was familiar to my ears; and at last I arose, and went towards the place whence the sound proceeded, when the person who appeared to be the owner of the dog was on the opposite side of the deck; my approach was hailed by such obstreperous cries from the confined dog as drew the attention of all on board, and the soi-disant owner, hastily advancing, requested, in a smothered voice, and with averted head, ‘that no person would attempt to go near to that very savage animal of which he had the charge.’ I was now convinced that the prisoner was my own dear Vigil, and

that the man was one of those hangers-on who had been employed to destroy the dog, whom he had probably only spared in the expectation of being able to sell him for a large sum, on account of his uncommon beauty and power. However, although I felt the conviction myself, I could not well make strangers comprehend my reason for such conviction, which in fact sprung more from feeling than argument; and as the Captain and all the passengers joined in requesting me not to persevere in asking to see the dog, and appeared firmly persuaded that he was dangerous, I thought it was best to submit, in appearance, until I had reached those dear friends who would be sure to take my part, and indulge my wishes—even if I were in the wrong—is it not true?’ she added, playfully clasping her arms round her father’s neck,—‘is it not true, papa, that you will indulge me from henceforward in every thing I ask, be it ever so absurd or unreasonable?—but hush—’ seeing her father about to reply; ‘let me finish my long story, whilst I am in the mind—if I am interrupted now, perhaps I should never arrive at the end.’—I determined, then, to

keep a watchful eye on the man who had excited my suspicions, and to obtain a sight of the imprisoned dog whenever it was possible—but his uneasiness had increased so very much from the time that he had heard my voice, and he became so excessively noisy and violent in his attempts to escape from confinement, that the rest of the passengers were only more and more persuaded of his being dangerous and unfit to be set at liberty.

“The time wore on, and the weather continued as at the commencement of our voyage, calm, with a bright sunshine on a waveless sea—weather that had more the appearance of July or August than of late in the month of October. Our movement was, I believe, rapid as steam could make it; yet still all too slow for my impatience. At last we entered the Clyde, and I once more beheld these well-known and beloved shores, from which I pray I may never again be parted—tongue cannot utter, heart cannot conceive, the longing I have felt to behold this dear, loved land once more. I gazed on these well-known scenes, and had no eyes for any other objects,

till the shades of evening shut them from my sight. I listened to the voice of my poor dog, now hushed into a faint moaning, and had no ears for any other sounds; my fellow passengers were gay, amusing themselves talking and laughing; and, when the evening closed, they began to dance on the deck—I sat apart, rolled in my shawl and veil, and although more than once invited to join the dancers, I did not feel in the mood—albeit, you know, Duncan, I am in general no degenerate daughter of Scotland, when dancing happens to be the order of the day; however, at that moment, I was too much engaged in watching the movements of the suspicious looking person, who held captive my poor Vigil (for that the prisoner was Vigil I had not the slightest doubt), to attend to any thing else.

“As we ascended the Frith, and the banks began to close in on us, a slight but chilly fog arose from the river, through which the setting moon struggled faintly, giving a dim uncertain light, which rather obscured the surrounding objects on the banks; at least made them appear in a false point of view. After midnight most of the

passengers retired to the cabin, finding their dancing insufficient to keep them warm in the chill morning fog; but I remained to watch Vigil's jailor, who had become extremely urgent with the Captain to put him on shore ere we had reached our ultimate destination; the Captain seemed to object either to slacken his course, or to lower a boat, and the other became only more and more importunate. I do not know what success his entreaties might ultimately have met with, but, as I watched close, I saw that he had unfastened the chain which held the dog confined, and stood with his hand in the collar. I could not well distinguish the form of the animal in the uncertain and obscure light—if light it could be called—I saw only that he was very large and perfectly black; this was quite enough to convince me that my first suspicions were right—and moving quietly along the deck towards the forward part of the vessel, where the Captain and his passenger continued disputing respecting the boat, I suddenly saw an enormous dark object right a-head—the next moment a dreadful crash—a cry—oh God! that cry!—I

hear it yet—all voices blended—women, children—the strong man in his agony—his death agony, all united—rose together as one—one cry to heaven—it passed—*that* sound was passed—and I went down, down in utter darkness—the rush of waters in my ears—again I rose, gasping, to the surface of the calm, waveless sea—but the death sob was around me still—the gurgling gasp of the drowning. The vessel that had run us down passed on her way, without offering assistance—without lowering a boat—the Comet had utterly disappeared, the still waters closing over the place where she had been—I was upborne on the surface of those waters—there was only a soft swell in the river—my early habits returned to my mind even in that awful moment, and I endeavoured to balance and turn myself in the water—I unfastened my heavy shawl and threw it from me—yet, even then, I felt, and knew, that my unaided efforts were useless—that a few moments more and my strength must inevitably be exhausted—I prayed in my heart to Him who alone can save—I prayed, and murmured not, if it was His will that I should thus pass away

in my early youth, and without again meeting those, whom perhaps I had loved too well—I prayed from my inmost soul, and was tranquil and resigned, although conscious that my strength was failing fast, and that I was gradually sinking. All at once, I felt, as it were, supported—something firm, yet soft, glided beneath me, raising me above the surface—it was close to my breast—I felt that my extended arms were around the body of my own dear Vigil.” Here Jean, deeply affected, paused for a moment; and, leaning forwards, rested her youthful face, bathed in tears, on the large hairy head which rested on her knees. ‘I was saved,’ she continued; ‘and how?—the Almighty had been pleased to shew his mercy by the means, and to make his instrument of this poor, humble, despised, and banished creature.’”

“Na, na,” said the old man, sobbing; “na despised, tho’ ’deed he was banished—an’ sin an’ shame till me that allowed it; but, Jeannie, love,” after a pause, during which he arranged, and re-arranged his wig, with a puzzled air; “ye ken, dearie, its a’ for the best, for ’gin Vigil

had no been sent awa', but here at hame by the ingle side, he could na hae picked my darlin', out o' the water, an' brought her safe till her puir auld father—"

"And also, Sir," said Duncan, smiling, "(if you intend to draw us into a metaphysical disquisition) if Jean had been safe at home here, as she is now, and ought always to have been—how could she have been in the water for Vigil to have taken out?"

"Hush, Duncan, for shame," said Jean, softly; "how can you have the heart to recriminate so, and vex my dear father? surely he has suffered enough,"

"Eh, Duncan lad!" said the good humoured old man, after a fresh arrangement of his wig, "I hae suffered, nae doubt—but there's a special Providence aboon a'; an' it was na mair, nor sac much as my deserts—an' as to the metaphysics why I dinna ken—"

"No, nor I either, Sir, I assure you," said Duncan; "such questions would puzzle greater casuists than any of us; and although Vigil has attended to the whole conversation, and looks as

if he understood it all, I suspect that his knowledge on the points of doctrine—free-will, fate, destiny, &c., is pretty much on a par with our own—excepting only, that as immortal and reasoning beings, we have the conviction that there *is* a special Providence, to whose decrees we must humbly bow; but of the inscrutable nature of those decrees, we are as blindly ignorant, as even this poor brute who was made an unconscious instrument—and every rational creature should be satisfied with the fact that his knowledge is so bounded, since it is evident Revealed Religion having given us only a part, the barrier has been designedly placed, to say—‘thus far shalt thou go, and no farther’—our moral duties are clearly and distinctly pointed out to us—in these there can be no mistake—nor should we presumptuously attempt to wrest the figurative and metaphysical style of the oriental language, in which the Scriptures have been written, into meanings applied to events to which it has no absolute and obvious reference—but enough of this—possibly I may be

talking as much nonsense as those persons with whom I am finding fault."

"Deed no," said the old man, "ye canna be talking nonsense, Duncan lad—tho' its mair than my puir head can rightly take in—ony mair than puir dear Sally's exposition o' the Scriptures, as she ca'd it, which was far ower disputacious an' contradictory like, for my sma' comprehension."

"Or for that of any one else, Sir," replied Duncan; "so now let us suffer Jean, if she is sufficiently rested, to go on with her terrible narrative, and be thankful that we have her here safe, without seeking too curiously into the *why*, we have lost, or why we have regained her."

"I have not," said Jean, "a great deal more to tell—I floated on, guided by my dear and faithful supporter, with a calm consciousness of security—but exhausted, as I think I had scarcely any other definite feeling—I was, however, sensible of being drawn out of the water, of being laid on the bank, and of hearing voices, and seeing lights around me; of my obstreperous conduct when lying on Luckie Saunder-

son's best chintz bed, I have scarcely any recollection, excepting that I thought people attempted to separate me from Vigil, and drive him away, and that we both resisted with our united force, and ultimately conquered—which it seems was the cause of Duncan being sent for, as to a person in a state of insanity—this, as far as my *feelings* went at the time, was, I believe, by no means a false accusation—but as to my conduct, I maintain," she added, embracing Vigil, "it was very sensible, and very proper—as I now attest and repeat, in my sober senses, of which I at least *believe* I am in possession." As she concluded, Jean turned her soft blue eyes on Duncan, who passionately kissed the little delicate white hand which was clasped in his.

* * * * *

The day on which Duncan and Jean were married, they, according to established custom, set off on an excursion to the country—which excursion was to continue for a week. The old man, who had for the few last months been accustomed to the perpetual enjoyment of their

cheerful society, without any thing, or person to throw even a momentary damp on his happiness, did not know how to endure this temporary privation—he wandered up and down the house giving useless directions to Jean's old nurse, respecting preparations against their return—preparations which had been already made—his solitary dinner caused him to feel yet more uncomfortable, and as soon as it was sent away, almost untasted, he recommenced his wanderings, which at length conducted him in the direction of his own counting house, from whence he could distinctly hear loud sounds of mirth and conviviality: he drew near the half open door of a room in which his clerks (who of course had a holiday) were assembled round a large fire.

On the table lay an immense china bowl, filled with a smoking liquid, from which issued fragrant steams of West Indian produce, grateful to the olfactory nerves of the old gentleman, as well as to those of the partakers of the invigorating mixture.

On the hearth Vigil lay stretched—one eye fast asleep, the other just a little open at one

corner, out of which he seemed to be watching the proceedings of his friends ; who all, considerably more than " half seas over," were standing around him, their glasses elevated above their heads, and shouting with all the power of their lungs, and in full chorus, the following

SONG.

HEALTH to the bonnie Scottish lass,
Around let bumpers go,
The girl who stemm'd the foaming surge—
The bonnie Jean Munroe.

And a health to thee, thou gallant brute,
Who o'er the waters' flow
With generous, untired zeal upbore
The bonnie Jean Munroe.

Although thy noble honest heart
A shaggy outside shew,
We'll drink to thee—right loyal beast,
And thy prize, the fair Munroe.

And shame to that base heartless crew,
Vile cowards, far below
The dauntless spirit of the dog
Who sav'd the fair Munroe.

Then a health again, to the bonnie Jean—
Light heart in weal or woe,
And send bumpers round, to the gallant hound
Who sav'd the fair Munroe.

LORD RONALD & FAYRE ANNABELLE.

An Ancient Ballade.

LORD RONALD hee rode to fayre Annabelle's
door,

And aye hee tirl'd atte the pinne;

"Oh, open the door, thou fayre Annabelle,
I pray thee to lette mee inne."

"Now naye, now naye, Lord Ronald," she
cried,

"I fain must say thee naye,

Itte is not for mee to lette thee 'bide,

Then I prithee turn away.

“ There bee manye to slander poor Annabelle’s
fame,
Did she lette a chieftain ’bide;
She’s too humble inne fortune, too humble inne
name,
To bee Lord Ronald’s bride.

“ Too proud for his leman, too low for his bride,
She fain must saye him naye;
Poor Annabelle dare not lette him ’bide,
Awaye, Lord Ronald, awaye.”

“ Oh open the doore, thou fayre Annabelle,
I have wander’d farre to-night;
The winds they are high, the rivers are wide,
The heavens they give nae light.

“ The snow it lies thick on moss and moor,
Itte is heavy on bush and brake;
I praye thee, fayre mayde, to undo thy door,
And some pittye on mee to take.”

“ Noe more, noe more, Lord Ronald,” she cried,
“ I praye thee to saye noe more—
For whether thy weal or woe betide,
I may not undo the door.

“ I may not undo my door to thee,
Oh chieftain soe proud and high;
There bee manye would seek to slander me
With scorn, and jeer, and lie.

“ Of those who have brows less fayre than mine,
There bee manye, too manye will telle
The tale of this midnight visit of thine,
And slander Annabelle.”

Enow, enow!” Lord Ronald hee cried,
As hee bow’d him low down atte her knee;
“ Some other is destin’d to make thee a bride,
Fayre Annabelle is not for mee.

“ If she love mee not, I had rather make
My bedde inne yon rushing burn,
Than soe cold and soe heartless a maiden take—
Too heartless my love to return.

“ Too long have I lov’d thee, thou fayre Anna-
belle,
Too long have endur’d thy slight—
When thou hearest the sound of my passing knelle,
Wilt thou rue thy scorn this night?

“ When I’m stretch’d on yonder loneley moor,
With the snow drift to pillow my head;
For my corse will proud Annabelle open her door,
And weep for Lord Ronald dead.”

“ Oh wrong mee not soe,” fayre Annabelle sayde,
“ Oh wrong me not soe, I praye;
Nor that pittye demand, from a simple mayde,
She might rue for manye a day.

“ Reproach not, oh chieftain, a mayde forlorne,
Who seeks to live honest and trewe—
To keep her fayre name free from scaith and
scorn,
A name onely sullied by you.”

“ I seek not to wrong thee, thou fayre Annabelle;
No further entreaty I make;
Receive now my last, and my sad farewell,
And wear this golde ringe for my sake.

“ Extend thy fayre hand, for this redde golde
ringe,
To place on thy finger soe small;
Itte may Ronald atte times to thy mem’ry bring,
And thy scornful rejection recalle.

“ If the time should e’er come, when the fayre
Annabelle

That scornful rejection should rue,
If she weep to remember the sad farewelle;
Of a lover soe leal and trewe,

“ Tho’ years should have pass’d, and where’er
hee should dwelle,
One glance atte that ringe soe smalle,
Will bring to his mind this reluctant farewelle,
And his earlye trewe love recalle.

“ I goe, then, I goe, to return noe more—
Thou hast banish’d thy lover soe trewe;
If again wee should meet—’tis atte Ronald’s
door
That the proud Annabelle must sue.”

Then he spurr’d his dark charger—the snow
flakes flew
From the hoofs of the fiery steede;
Hee is gone—that lover soe gallant and trewe,
And left Annabelle’s heart to bleede.

Hee left Annabelle's heart to bleede soe sore,
As she thought on his sad farewelle—
She starts when she hears the torrent's roar,
And dreams 'tis his passing knelle.

Ere morning she starts from her broken rest,
And searches the frozen snow,
Where his charger's foot-tracks are deep imprest
On the brink of the torrent's flow.

On the rocky bank are those foot-marks deep,
With Lord Ronald's glove beside—
Now her lover's fate must fayre Annabelle weep,
As she stands by the rushing tide.

“For mee, then, for mee, has thy life been lost,
Oh chieftain soe gallant and trewe;
A maid too ungrateful, thy love I cross'd,
And this deed I must ever rue.

“In a pilgrim's weeds will I wrap this form,
Which has caus'd such dule and woe—
Beneath summer's sun, amidst autumn storm,
And deep through the winter's snow.

"Sad and repentant will Annabelle roam,
Through strange countries farre and wide;
And return noe more to her loneley home,
Lette weal or lette woe betide.

"Itte is woe, not weal, should bee the lot
Of the cruel Annabelle;
Nor shall ever Lord Ronald's fate bee forgot,
Nor his sad and last farewell."

Then fayre Annabelle left her peaceful home,
To wander soe farre and wide;
Over mountain and moss, and moor to roam,
And inne dule and inne woe to 'bide.

Inne dule and inne woe to abide the day
When her penitence should cease;
When death should restore her body to clay,
And her wearye soul to peace.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
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Inne the summer tide, when the fields were green,
And the lambs alle abroad atte play,
Near a stately castle was Annabelle seen,
Her worn out limbs to laye.

She gaz'd on the lords, and the ladies fayre,
As they paced on the verdant sod;
“ Oh Annabelle might bee the fayrest there,
On that flow'ry ground who trod.”

She gazed on a gallant bridegroom bold,
She gazed on a bonnie bride—
“ Oh his cheek itte is pale, and his brow is cold,
Some evil must sure betide.”

She gazed on that cheek so cold and pale,
On that brow so stern and high—
“ Oh if Annabelle wore the bridal veil,
Such gloom would not cloud his eye.

“ If Annabelle wore the bridal veil,
By the living Ronald's side,
His brow would not bee so stern and pale
When hee turn'd to his plighted bride.”

She drew from her finger the ringe soe smalle,
She had worn both night and day;
“ Oh would I had strength atte his feet to fall,
And there the ringe to lay.

“ Oh would I had strength to his feet to creepe,
And there lay my wearye head—
Then, Ronald, you could not chuse but weepe,
To see your poor Annabelle dead.

“ Hie hither, hie hither, thou little foot-page,
I praye thee hie hither to me;
Thy looks they are gentle, thy brow itte is sage,
I cannot but chuse to trust thee.”

“ Who art thou, pale maiden, soe lone and soe sad,
What dost thou inne grieffe lying here?
On our lord's bridal morn, alle eyes should be glad;
Alle hearts should rejoyce inne our cheere.”

“ Yes, little foot-page, I shall shortly rejoyce
Inne another and better land;
My songs shall bee clearer, and sweeter my voice,
Than those minstrels' who round you stand.

“ Yes, little foot-page, I shall soon bee as gay
As the lightest amongst you all;
As free as the lambs that now sport and play
On the green sward before yon halle.

“ Yes, little foot-page, I shall soon be as free
As those lambs without guile or care;
And this cheek, now soe deadlye and wan to see,
Shall again bee surpassing fair.

“ Now, little foot-page, on mine errand to goe,
I trust thee to make no delay;
Ohslack not thy footsteps, nor lette them bee slow,
And stop not for sport or play.

“ Take this redde golde ringe from my finger
small,
And bear itte unto your lord;
As hee sits 'midst the chiefs and the ladies alle,
On high atte the festive board.

“ Spare ye for speaking, and spare ye for sign,
Hee will need noe word to telle,
While he's feasting, and drinking the blood-
redde wine,
The fate of his Annabelle.

"Itte is Annabelle now, at his lordlye gate,
As a lowlye suppliant sues—
Then telle him to haste—ere itte bee too late—
That boon hee will not refuse."

Then the little foot-page, with a tearful ee,
Hee ranne to his lord's high seat,
And doffing his bonnet, and bending his knee,
Thus his errand hee did repeat.

"Oh hasten, my chief, to your castle gate,
To a maiden soe passing fayre;
Oh hasten, Lord Ronald, ere 'tis too late,
Lest she breathe her last sigh there.

"She sends you this token of burnished golde,
To tell you that Annabelle sues—
Enow is the token—noe more need bee tolde,
That boon you cannot refuse."

With a cry Lord Ronald has started up—
With a cry soe loud and high,
Hee has flunge from his hand the crystal cup,
Till its fragments seek the skye.

Hee has flunge from his hand the crystal bowl,
Hee has push'd the board aside—
With a cry that might enter her inmost soul,
Hee has fled from his wedded bride;

Hee stands by his lofty castle gate,
Beneath a dark cypress shade—
“Lord Ronald, Lord Ronald, thou art too late,
To restore that death-cold mayde.”

On the flow'r-deck'd ground lay the fayre Anna-
belle,
Inne her last and dread repose,
With her maiden cheek as pure and as pale
As the leaf of a snow-white rose.

Lord Ronald hee gazed on that piteous sight,
Hee gazed and hee spake noe word—
But the setting sun, itte is flashing bright
On the blade of the warrior's sword.

Hee sette the sharpe point until his breast,
The pummelle against a stone—
And his spirit awaye to the judgment-seat
With his Annabelle is gone.

OLD NICK

IN 1700.

"Those bright eyes when the Brigand shall see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he."

"SORRA bit iv a lie in it—shure, yer honour does'nt suspect I'd be afther tellin yez a lie?"

"Not intentionally, Mitchell, I have no doubt—nevertheless your story is somewhat incredible, and requires explanation."

"Well thin," returned Jem Mitchell, the former speaker, "I'll insense* yer honor—ye see, it was in the time iv the Rapparees (the Lord betune us an' harm), sixty or seventy years gone by, when the ould lady yez seen this mornin', the Minister's widow, was but a dawny slip iv a girl, I hear say, that she robbed the

* Inform—make comprehend.

great Rapparee robber, Redmond O'Hanlon, on the broad highway—an' shure he was a powerful big man, an' mighty 'cute entirely—an' himself and his men had the scourin' iv the whole north road—none at all ever stood afore him—”

“All this makes your story more and more improbable—the clergyman's widow with whom I breakfasted this morning, is a most lady-like person, and notwithstanding her extreme age, it is easy to see she never could at any period of her life have been possessed of the masculine strength apparently requisite for the performance of such an exploit.”

“Thru for yer honor—she's mighty ginteel, an' always was that same, I hear tell; for I'm not by twenty years as aged, tho' I'm threescore past, last shrove-tide—but tho' she seems so quite (quiet) now, they say she was a hearty, merry lass wanst—and not a horse young or old, on all her father's ground, (and he had a power iv thim, for he was a grate land-owner in them times,) that she would not ride, an' gallop over the whole counthry.”

“Possibly—a delicate woman may ride well,

and with courage—there is nothing to prevent it—but putting aside the improbability of a lady *choosing* to perform such an exploit, I look upon it as impossible that any one of her sex, and rank in life, could be personally capable of committing a robbery on the high road, which you so absolutely assert she did.”

“Very well, yeer honor,” replied Jem ; “ask herself—an’ if she doesn’t tell yez the whole story out on the face—why my name’s not Jem Mitchell.”

“Then, certainly I will ask her—for I must consider it as a foul calumny from any other lips than her own—and indeed, even if she does confirm such a marvellous tale, I shall be much inclined to suppose that her great age has affected her intellects ; although from her general conversation and manner, she appears to be in the full possession of all her faculties.”

In pursuance of this design, I turned my steps towards the hospitable mansion in which I had passed the preceding night ; with no small curiosity to discover on what foundation my communicative guide had built his extraordinary asser-

tion, respecting my mild and courteous entertainer.

Perhaps according to the etiquette of storytelling, I ought to commence "par le commencement," and supply the reader with an accurate autobiographical account of who, and what I (the writer) am, including my birth, parentage, and education. However, as such exposition is by no means necessary towards the right understanding of the present tale, I shall content myself with mentioning that, being a traveller to view the wonders of the North of Ireland (Giant's Causeway, &c.,) and having met with one, whom I considered as a more absolute countryman of my own (videlicet a native of the County of Kerry,) than the half Sandy, half Paddy inhabitants of the North, I took him as guide and curiosity expounder, in preference to those who were better acquainted with the localities, and at the risk of being dreadfully *bothered*, as well as amused by his confusion of names, dates and places.

Thus, although I gave little credit to his assertion of the lady having robbed Redmond

O'Hanlon, I determined to enquire into the foundation of his story, in the hope of being able to collect some anecdotes of this celebrated Rapparee, whose exploits still furnished a theme of conversation in those districts of the North of Ireland, where he had flourished and maintained his lawless and predatory sway, unbroken for many years.

It was in the year 1779 that I heard the little anecdote which I am about to relate : I was then a young, and am now a very old man, yet the whole story, as well as the appearance and manner of the narrator, are all as fresh in my recollection, as if I had heard it only yesterday.

On my way to the residence of Mrs Montgomery, I began to consider, that possibly this sick and infirm old lady might have been in her youth a beauty, and that it was of his heart, and not of his money, that she had plundered the great Rapparee.

Following up this bright idea, I was able to introduce my question in a more flattering manner, than if I had appeared to understand Jem Mit-

chell's assertion in its literal meaning. The old lady smiled—

“I am past the age of being flattered now, my good Sir,” she replied; “and will acknowledge freely, that the story of the robbery to which you allude (and of which I perceive you have only heard a part) is perfectly true, in its literal sense—and not in the metaphorical one in which you so politely wish to place it. I also observe,” she added, on seeing me look surprised at this acknowledgement, “that I must absolutely, in my own defence, tell you all—provided you promise not to be wearied by the garrulity of an old woman, since I must enter into some account of my family, as well as of myself, at a period of nearly seventy years past—and I must also acknowledge that it is a story which I love to tell, and days to which it refreshes my heart to look back.

“My father was a merchant of some consideration in the town of Dundalk, but his taste coincided little with his mercantile operations. He loved the country, its sports and amusements; and loving his children even more, my brother

and I were in the habit from our earliest childhood of following him in all his excursions, mounted on our respective ponies. As we advanced in age and strength, we were supplied with horses of a larger size, and higher spirit—before I was fifteen, there was scarcely one to be found that I was not equal to manage. My father delighted in my courage and activity, and such was my passionate attachment to him, my only surviving parent, that even if I had been by nature cowardly, I believe I should have endeavoured to assume the former qualification, in order to please him—my father—my dear, my fond father—the days, the feelings of my youth return when I think on him—from that period when, first mounted on a shaggy, short-legged mountain pony, I tried, by pushing it to the utmost speed, to keep pace with his tall hunter; to some years later, when he loved to see me cross the country on a more highly bred palfrey, and seemed to take pride in my surpassing even my brother, in enterprise and daring.

“Do not, however, imagine that my education was confined to the accomplishment of riding on

horseback, or that I was masculine, either in disposition or appearance. A slight and well-formed figure, and, (after the lapse of so many years I may surely venture to say,) a fair and pretty face, caused me to be generally considered as the "Belle" of this part of the country; and my father was himself well qualified to give us instruction, both in literature, and all the lighter accomplishments. If an anxiety to improve had been all that was necessary towards acquirement, I ought to have become a paragon under his tuition—as it was, although my natural abilities might not have been better, I certainly profited more than my brother, because I had an infinitely greater desire to improve. Alexander was a wild and wilful boy, with (as it appeared to me) little of affection towards my father, and still less towards myself—as he grew up, this became more apparent, he was engaged by other associates, and I became my father's sole companion.

"He had a country house, a small cottage by the sea-side, near Rosstrevor, where we spent the greatest part of our time; and the commer-

cial business in the town of Dundalk was left almost entirely to be transacted by Alexander and the clerks.

“About this period, I sometimes observed my father to appear uneasy and low-spirited ; and thinking that he found the country dull, I exerted myself to entertain him ; singing and playing on my guitar, and assuming a cheerfulness which I did not feel, for I fancied that his health, as well as his spirits, seemed declining.

“I was then about sixteen—my brother, who was more than five years my senior, had latterly been entrusted with the principal part of the business, and my father lived entirely with me at Rosstrevor.

“One morning, he received a letter, which appeared to give him considerable uneasiness ; and he told me that he must set off immediately for Dundalk, although he expected a large sum of money on that night, from a correspondent at Newry—however, since it was impossible for him to wait, that I must receive, and forward it to him instantly, by a faithful servant whom he could trust—and by sea—by our own boat, since

the roads were so infested by a gang of robbers, under the command and direction of a bold and clever captain, Redmond O'Hanlon by name, no one could venture to send money on the high road, without a military guard.

“‘My own Mary,’ he added, kissing me fondly, ‘young as you are, I have every dependence on your ability and affection—let this your first step in business, be conducted with care and attention—my credit, and perhaps my life, depends on my receiving this money safely, and with promptitude. Alas, my child, if Alexander had resembled you more—if he had even the half of your high principle and filial affection, I should not now be reduced to this strait.’

“He left me in a state of anxiety which I need not describe—but how was this increased, when, an hour after his departure, a messenger arrived from our correspondent at Newry, stating, ‘that it was impossible to send the money at the appointed time, since the military guard, necessary for its safe convoy, had not arrived, and was not expected to arrive for three or four days—and that Redmond O'Hanlon himself had been met

on the preceding night, (by a traveller whom he robbed) on the road, at a short distance from Newry.'

"My father's parting words rung in my ears; 'his credit, and perhaps his life, depended on his receiving the money at the appointed time—he had every confidence in my ability and affection'—my heart swelled—I determined he should not be disappointed in the opinion which he entertained of me—and that I would save him at every hazard to myself. Force was out of the question: there were only an old woman and a servant boy at the cottage, and the village contained but a few old men, with the women and children—all the effective part of the male population at Rosstrevor being fishermen, and absent on their avocation—the trustworthy servant appointed to convey the money was the commander of our little pleasure boat, then riding at anchor in the bay, waiting for the despatches.

"Stratagem was then the only resource—a few minutes' consideration served to form my plan, and to decide on the method of executing it.

"I took the livery of our servant boy, who was

about my height—it was not a very exact fit, but that circumstance was no objection, for I wished to look as awkward and uncouth as possible. Having made my toilette, and braided up my long light hair, under a fur cap of my brother's, I proceeded to the stable to choose a horse: the one which I selected as the properest to serve my purpose, was an old brute of so vicious and untractable a temper, that he always went by the pleasing soubriquet of 'Old Nick.' His great age, and consequent infirmities, had in some degree tamed his natural violence, so that it was possible for a good rider to keep in the saddle, provided always, that the steed was never contradicted in any way, either as to the road he chose to go, or the pace at which he was inclined to proceed—and this pace was (now at least) invariably the slowest walk possible—in this way, and with these precautions, the veteran fiend might be ridden without *much* danger of one's life—but in case of a contest, or even the slightest difference of opinion between him and his rider, he was sure to come off the conqueror—and woe to the person who, either on foot, or

mounted on another horse, approached within reach of his heels, or his mouth, for he acted on the defensive in both methods with equal facility.

“To mount him, also required consideration—I effected it thus; I desired the servant to throw a small bundle of clover beside the horse, in such a manner, that in order to eat it at his ease, this amiable animal was obliged to turn with his flank to the manger, into which I climbed, and was thus enabled to drop on his back without opposition on his part. Then, as he was in the habit of drawing a cart to Newry on market days, I was sure of his proceeding in that direction; and equally sure of his taking the road homewards when I was ready to return.

“I set forth, then, on my strange, and for a young girl somewhat perilous expedition, with the most sanguine expectations of a favourable result. The slowness of my progress was, however, dreadfully trying to the patience of one who had been accustomed to ride at a very different pace. Had the risk been only to my own personal safety, and not to that of delaying my journey on my father’s business I should cer-

tainly have been strongly tempted to enter into a contest with this perverse brute; but the consideration that any attempt of that kind might probably prove 'the more haste, the worse speed,' deterred me; besides, the distance was not great; I had the long summer's day before me; and the perfect conviction that the least attempt to accelerate my travelling pace would only have the effect of laying me on the roadside, proved the most effectual curb to my impatience; since, though I could have proceeded excellently without my nag—better, indeed, on foot than on his back, yet I had a purpose in view for which his assistance was indispensable.

"This slow method of travelling was indeed rather unfavourable in another way. It gave me time to think, and to become exceedingly nervous—so that, although it was only what I had expected, and was prepared for, my heart sunk, and I trembled from head to foot, when on a lonely part of the road I was aware of the approach of a handsome, well-dressed, and very gentlemanlike-looking person, mounted on a splendid, high-bred, dark chesnut horse, in the

finest possible condition, and apparently full of spirit and vigour.

"This rider I knew at once, from description, and at the first glance, to be that redoubted personage whom I expected to encounter—the well-known and too celebrated Redmond O'Hanlon.

"I touched my cap with the action of a servant when accosted by a gentleman; at the same time assuming a clownish and slouching air and carriage—he kept at a little distance, on the opposite side of the road, (for the hostile demonstrations of my steed became very apparent,) and entered into conversation with me in a familiar and bantering manner.

" 'Well, my lad, where are you bound in such haste, mounted on that very handsome and spirited colt?'

" 'Plaze yer honor,' I said, speaking with a strong brogue, 'I am just going to Newry, about a little particular business for my master.'

" 'Your master,' he replied, 'is, I presume, in no great hurry, from the manner in which he has mounted you?'

" 'Oh, yer honor,' I answered, 'slow and

sure, I'll be bound I'm back afore nightfall—that is settin' in case I ammint robbed on the way—'

“ ‘ What! you are afraid of robbers, then?—truly, you are not in a very fit trim to get out of their way.’ ”

“ ‘ Why, yer honor,’ I replied, in a confidential tone, ‘ I would’nt much mind—barrin’ that I’m to bring back a sight of money in a bag from Newry.’ ”

“ ‘ A hem—my pretty lad, as you are alone, and not particularly well mounted, I would advise you, as a friend, not to be so communicative to every person whom you may happen to meet.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh no, yer honor—I’m counted always a mighty ’cute lad entirely, or the master would’nt have so much depindince on me—an’, except to a fine gentleman, the likes iv yer honor, I would not let on a word to any Christian.’ ”

“ He smiled. ‘ Thank you for your good opinion, my pretty boy—and, in return, I advise you to lose no time on the road, and not to be so ready to enter into conversation with any one

else—come—move on—or it will be nearly dark before you return.’

“With these words, he turned his horse over a ditch by the road side, and was out of sight in a few moments.

“Though I knew well that we should too surely meet again ere long, I could not avoid stopping to look with admiration at the fine action and figure of that noble steed—more striking, perhaps, from the contrast with the beast on which I had mounted myself—and then the rider—almost as fine an animal as the horse—I smiled to think how that graceful seat, and commanding hand, would be set at nought presently.

“Notwithstanding the slowness of my progress, I did at length reach Newry, and with great difficulty persuaded my father’s correspondent to let me have the money;—since he could not by any means comprehend the possibility of my being able to convey it in safety—it was only on explaining to him the absolute necessity of its reaching my father’s hands at the stated time—it was only on my giving repeated details of my plan, and showing him the horse on whose peculiar qualifications I depended for my success,

that he could be induced to consent. The plodding and dull "tot and carry one" tradesman seemed roused to a state of excitement, such as I am convinced he had rarely ever experienced, at the peril to which he believed I was likely to be exposed. The worthy man had daughters of his own; and, as he fully appreciated my attachment to my father, and consequent self-devotion, he was only the more anxious for my safety. Nor should I ever have been able to persuade him, had it not been certain that, even in the event of my plan failing, and the money being lost, nothing of personal injury or insult was to be apprehended for me. Redmond O'Hanlon, notwithstanding the slackness of his morality respecting the law of 'meum and tuum,' bore a high character in the country for his kind and generous conduct in many instances—he robbed only the wealthy—had frequently (like Robin Hood) been known to give to the poor a share of the spoil taken from the rich—and towards the fair and gentle sex he was quite chivalric, both in action and manner.

"Changing about forty shilling's worth of the money into halfpence, which, tied in an ostenta-

tious manner in a wallet at my saddle bow, made a tolerably considerable appearance, I concealed the remainder in a leathern purse, rolled around my waist, inside my belt, which, as I was remarkably slender, helped to fill up my ill-fitting and over-wide doublet.

“ Thus accoutred, I set forth on my return— Old Nick marching homewards at a less reluctant pace than that in which he had proceeded in the former part of his journey.

“ At the same wild and solitary part of the road on which I had encountered him in the morning, I found, according to my expectation, my former travelling companion awaiting my arrival. I had screwed my courage to the utmost pitch—all, I well knew, depended on my self-possession at this trying moment. Redmond began at first to converse with me in his former strain of half jest, half earnest, but I saw that he soon noticed my trepidation, which it was utterly impossible for me now entirely to conceal—and also, he seemed to observe that I was covertly trying to augment my horse’s hostile intentions towards him, whenever he approached too near.

“ ‘ Come, come, my fine boy,’ he said, at last,

‘this will not do—we have been each endeavouring to trick the other; but, I believe, the mask is now thrown off—I suspect you to be more cunning than foolish—but you must be aware, that if the matter comes to a contest of strength between us, *I* must most undoubtedly be the conqueror—and, notwithstanding the vicious propensities of your nag, on which you appear to place so much dependance, if once I come *within your guard*, you and that portly leathern bag which you carry before you will both be at my disposal—I would not willingly hurt you, my pretty little fellow—I like your countenance, and I *know* your fidelity to your trust—nevertheless, that bag must change owners—’

“He dismounted from his horse as he spoke, threw the reins over the branch of a tree, and approached me with a very determined aspect. Now was my time. I was close beside a high and tangled hedge, which no horse could possibly either leap or penetrate—on the other side was a deep and muddy ditch.

“I felt my courage and resolution rise as he drew near me with caution, in order to get

within the stroke of old Nick's heels, and to lay hold of the bridle—he had just apparently accomplished his object—his hand was almost on the horse's neck, when, with all my force, I flung the bag over the hedge, into the muddy ditch on the other side, saying, doggedly—

“ ‘ If you must have the money, you shall at least have the trouble of seeking it.’ ”

“ The robber stepped back, looking at me with a ferocious air, and saying—

“ ‘ We must quit scores for this, my boy—you have presumed too far—no one shall with impunity make a jest of Redmond O’Hanlon—but I do not desire you to await my return,’ he added, with a sort of sneer; ‘ I shall overtake you before you have proceeded very far.’ ”

“ He scrambled up the steep bank whilst he was speaking, and pushed through the tangled and thorny hedge, with considerable difficulty and at much expense of blood, from sundry scratches on his face and hands. I heard him swearing and vowing vengeance. I waited till he was completely on the opposite side of the hedge, and up to his knees in the muddy ditch, groping for the bag—then, slipping from off my miser-

able nag, I was, with the assistance of the bank, and my own natural activity, (increased by the excitement of the circumstances,) in a moment on the back of his gallant steed—and once so mounted, I feared no pursuit—certainly not with the horse which I had left for him in exchange—I fled with all the speed of a powerful thorough bred horse, leaving the rightful owner in undisturbed possession of ‘Old Nick’ and a bag of halfpence.

“I heard him shouting and cursing after me; and, turning round, I took off my fur cap and waved it in triumph—in this movement, my long fair hair fell down over my shoulders, and floated on the wind as I fled. Redmond’s oaths and maledictions ceased at this sight, which at once betrayed the sex of the person who had thus turned the tables on the most skilful and experienced highwayman of his day.

“My tale draws near to its termination. I reached the sea-shore in safety; and, dressed as I was in my uncouth masculine habiliments, instantly embarked myself and money on board my father’s pleasure boat; for I dared not, after

what had passed, trust myself on any road, or even remain in the neighbourhood.

“ I reached my father in time to relieve him from the embarrassment into which he had been plunged by my brother’s folly and criminal extravagance—but on this subject I do not wish to dwell—it is foreign to my story.

“ The stolen horse we would have willingly returned, had the rightful owner ever come forward to claim him—we even made the attempt, by leaving him at night in a slightly fenced paddock—but he was never taken; from which I conclude that Redmond O’Hanlon had directed his gang *not* to take possession of the animal, which was otherwise too valuable a prize for these light-fingered gentry to have neglected. ‘ I heard,’ she added, with a smile, and something like the shadow of a blush crossing her withered cheeks, ‘ that the free-booter declared he cared not for the loss of the horse, if he could only have detained the young lady, for that a girl of so much beauty, spirit and determination, was the only fitting mate for Redmond O’Hanlon.’ ”

CLARA.

A Legend.—Translated from the German.

“ THE moon rides high, the moon rides high,
The hour is come at last,
The clouds careering in the sky,
Before the stormy blast.
That stormy blast it gives them chase,
As it howls so wild and loud,
While each one in passing the moon’s pale face
Seems a ghost wrapped in a shroud.
Ghost after ghost, they are running a race,
A shadowy, motley crowd.
But the hour is come, the only hour
I can dare to call my own,
When I feel beyond the tyrant’s power,
Because I am alone—
Alone, alone, in the cold midnight,

Alone in the damp churchyard,
Where the ghosts of the dead are my only guard,
As they flit in the pale moonlight.
By my father's grave does a spectre stand,
A spectre so wan and so white,
Towards me it extends its skeleton hand,
Through the misty dews of night.
My father's grave it is growing green—
On my gallant father's grave
Are the hemlock dark, and the night-shade seen,
And the stinging nettles wave—
My father's daughter is a slave,
In a tyrant conqueror's power,
And she steals alone at the midnight hour
To visit that dear-loved grave :
Oh, father beloved ! she obeys thy call—
Thy Clara comes to thee.
Can the disembodied indeed recall
Past times—past loves ? On this earthly ball
Does thy spirit disdain not to see,
Of her thou hast left, the hopeless grief,
Of her who still mourns without relief,
In a captive's bitter thrall."

Such was the plaint of a captive maid,
As she stood in the mournful cypress shade,
 And gazed on her father's grave :—
On her father's grave, in the cold moonlight,
There seemed slowly moving a spectre white,
 And a bony hand to wave.
On that hand as it waved, in the doubtful gloom,
 She gazed in awe and dread :—
"Thou callest me, father ; I come, I come ;
In thy grave is thy Clara's only home,
 In thy cold grave her only bed."

Then a low sepulchral voice arose
 From beside that weedy grave—
From beside that grave where the hemlock grows,
Where nettles bend as the night wind blows,
 And in dusky masses wave,
That low sepulchral voice it spoke,
And thus in awful murmurs broke
 On Clara's shuddering ear :—

"Daughter, neglectful of the dead—
 Idler, what dost thou here ?
Above thy father's honored head

The foul and noisome weed is spread;
 No filial hand to clear
The deadly nightshade from his bed—
Hast thou left that task to the lonely poor,
To her who begs from door to door,
And mourns till she can mourn no more,
 And whose withered eyes have not a tear
On the hero's deserted grave to shed?"

"Who art thou, dweller of the tomb?"

 The startled maid replied;

"Wandering in darkless and in gloom,

 My father's grave beside—

Whoe'er, or whatsoe'er thou art,

Deeply thou wrongest Clara's heart.

My father was a knight of fame,

 Of valour, and of pride,

And wedded to a princely bride,

 Who bore a regal name.

I—heiress of a royal dower—

Now—victim to a tyrant's power,

Cannot command even one sad hour,

 To weed that lonely grave.

For leave to speed the holy task

I deigned my tyrant lord to ask;—

 This the reply he gave :—

‘ Hie to thy father’s grave with speed,
And gather there the stinging weed ;
Hands more industrious than thine
Might spin from thence a thread so fine,

 And weave a vesture, meet
To make a wedding robe for thee,
And also to compose for me

 A costly winding sheet.

When thou dost this, thou shalt be free—

By thy father’s manes, this I swear,

When thou can’st win these vestures rare,

 From the foul weeds on his head,
Thou shalt a living husband have,
Whilst I may from my foeman’s grave
 Find clothing when I’m dead.’

“ Alas ! I was a lady born,

Though now a serving maid forlorn,

 I cannot spin or weave—

Useless a wedding-robe to me,

My love is far o’er land and sea,

 And I a bonded slave—

Away, away on the far crusade
He mourns for me a captive maid,
 And cannot set me free.
Whoe'er thou art, reproach me not,
Enough to bide my bitter lot,
And live by all—save him—forgot.”

“Maiden!” the voice replied, “that lot
 Is bless'd compared to mine :
Yet can I do what thou canst not—
 Even weave that thread so fine,
By which thy freedom may be bought ;—
My own hard fate I cannot mend,
Yet will I prove thy truest friend,
 And change the course of thine.
I am a woman old and poor,
Wandering for bread from door to door ;
 I claim nor rank, nor birth—
I loved thy father in my youth,
Loved him with unexampled truth—
 Beyond all else on earth.
A peasant girl, I knew too well
 Unfitting mate for such as he ;
That love—I must not, dare not tell,
 Nor should he stoop to me.

I saw him wed another bride,
Saw him for whom I could have died,
 Blest in another's charms.
I saw him seek the battle field,
Followed him, borne upon his shield,—
 He died within these arms.
Maiden! I saw thee borne away,
 And made the victor's slave ;
I saw thy father wrapt in clay,
 I sit beside his grave.
Oh! then, fair Clara, tell me not
That thine has been a cruel lot,
 'Tis bliss compared with mine.
Thy lover lives—his truth is proved,
He seeks for thee, still fondly loved,
 His faith is pledged to thine."

The humbled Clara bent before
 That woman lone and old,
And ere that mournful tale was o'er
 She wished her own untold.
Oh! what had youth and health to say
 To sorrow such as this ?
Could she complain, who ever proved

The consciousness of being loved—
 Why that alone was bliss.
The lonely mourner by the clay
 Of him long loved in vain,
Untired, unchanged from day to day,
Wasting a weary life away,—
 This, this indeed was pain.

PART SECOND.

The haughty Baron, Clara's lord,
 Bade saddle his coal-black steed :
"The morn is fresh, the game abroad,
 Now a-hunting will I speed."
The morn was fresh, the scent lay well,
 The dogs went gallantly on,
Till they came to a dark and gloomy dell,
 And there the scent was gone.
There, near a little lonely cell,
 With lichens all o'ergrown,

Where a woman, withered, old and grey,
Sat spinning upon a stone,—
Who that woman was, no need to say ;
But she was not alone,
For beside her stood a gallant boy,
Who gazed on the thread she spun.
He gazed, and murmured in his joy,
“ Now the work it is almost done—
The web is done, and the thread is spun,
By which my Clara may be won.”

“ Hence, haggard witch !” cried the Baron then ;
“ My hounds are all at fault, ;
With thy cursed spells thou has filled the glen,
And their instinct set at nought,
Spoiling the sport both of dogs and men :
Hence, haggard witch, by the devil bought,
Thou and the work thine hands have wrought.
What web is that so fine and white,
Thy cankered fingers weave ?
Thou hast robbed my household at dead of night
I well and firmly believe ;
For the thread of that vesture so white and fine
Was not honestly come by in hands like thine.”

“No!” said the woman, “’tis not so:—
 From that lone grave which lies below,
 Where tangled weeds and nettles grow,
 I drew the thread so fine :
 Your slaves and menials do not guard
 The produce of the damp churchyard,—
 I may call these nettles mine—
 They grew on a breast beloved by me,
 They are woven to set his daughter free,
 By promise and pledge of thine.”

Then wrathful, the baron he turned away,
 Yet his dark cheek grew as pale as clay,
 And he bowed his haughty head;
 On his courser’s neck was that proud head bow’d,
 As shuddering he thought on the promise vow’d,
 And the words he had rashly said—
 The oath he had rashly sworn aloud,
 (To redeem his slave for a winding shroud)
 “By the manes of the dead!”

That night as the baron sat at meat,
 On his high baronial chair,
 He cast down his eyes from his lofty seat,

And he there beheld with gesture meet,
A gentle maiden fair,
Laying an offering at his feet,
Of raiment rich and rare.
“Behold ! my wedding robe is spun,
My lover waits for me :
Behold ! thy winding sheet is done,
And Clara may be free.”

The village bells they ring merrily out,
And the villagers answer with joyous shout,
“A gallant young knight has come
From the bloody wars of the far crusade ;
And the hand of his loved and lovely maid
Will bless his return to his home.”

The village bells on the wedding day.
How sweetly they float on the air ;
How gay the procession, the bridegroom how gay !
The bride how surpassingly fair.
Merrily rung out each sounding bell—
But a voice now bids them hold—
A hurrying messenger speeds to tell
How the baron is stiff and cold.

The lord of the soil, he has breathed his last
On that joyous, festive hour ;
The crimes and the breath of the tyrant have
past,
On another devolves his power ;
But the bells must be changed from a merry peal
To a doleful funeral tone,
And the joyous shout for a mournful wail,
The hired mourners moan.
The baron's proud heart they must speed to lay
Where 'tis dust to dust, and clay to clay ;
At the self same time were those vestures worn,
And his funeral day was her bridal morn.

THE END.



